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The Grail



MADONNA OF THE OLIVE BRANCH—Barabino

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Prayer

NANCY BUCKLEY

When Pleasure, breaking into song,
Bids me be gay
And join the throng that walks along
The summer way,

The path ahead winds flowery sweet,
If I but yield,
But... ere I meet my soul's defeat,
Be Thou my Shield!

THE GRAIL

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED
BY THE BENEDICTINES

WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER, 1925

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Lutherans Romeward Bound

Not only Catholics are headed for Rome this year, but many non-Catholics as well. In a recent pilgrimage from Scandinavia, the first in four hundred years, about one-third of the pilgrims were said to be Lutherans. "We did not undertake the journey," they told a reporter, "out of idle curiosity but because we wished to attend some of the ceremonies and see the Supreme Pontiff." *Dagen*, the Lutheran official organ, scents the death of Protestantism. It sees Catholicism in the air; it feels that the current in the established church is leading consciously, unconsciously, or semiconsciously toward Rome; it believes, moreover, that the most pious and learned Lutherans are leaning towards the Catholic Church.

Outside of the Catholic Church restlessness in religion, as in other matters, seems to be a general condition. By its very nature Protestantism can have no stability, for it rests on a reed that is swayed to and fro by every wind—private interpretation of the Scriptures. It stands to reason that if the learned and the ignorant both interpret the sacred text as it seems proper to them, the result will be anything but harmonious. There is no one to whom to appeal for a decision, for each is supreme.—That Church alone which has authority for its corner stone can withstand the storms of time. To that Church alone was given the promise: "Behold I am with you *all* days even to the end of time"; to that Church alone was given the promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against it.

There are many non-Catholic Christians who, seeing the clash of sects, are eager for the establishment of unity in the great Christian body. The fulfilment of this desire should be the earnest prayers of every Catholic. An excellent means for accomplishing this end is offered in the International Eucharistic League for the Unity of Christendom. As charity begins at home, the first object of the League is union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; the second is—the re-

turn of all non-Christians to unity with us; and the third: the conversion of all non-Christians. If this grand object of the League is ever realized, as we hope it may be at sometime in the distant future, the whole world will be Catholic.

The conditions of membership in the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom are few and most simple—a brief daily offering, an occasional Holy Communion offered up, and a Mass heard for the threefold object of the League. These are the only requirements and they do not bind under sin. There are no dues or fees or collections; however, a small alms is acceptable at the time of reception to defray current expenses, such as printing, postage, etc. Send your application for membership to the editor of *THE GRAIL*, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Bryan and the Religious School

In the recent sudden death of William Jennings Bryan our Nation has lost an intrepid and valiant leader, a prominent man of religious persuasion, who had been before the public for thirty years. Although a non-Catholic, Mr. Bryan was deeply religious and he was not ashamed to stand up before the world in defense of religion. All who knew him personally vouch for his uprightness and sincerity.

In the case against evolution, which he had just won, Mr. Bryan proved that the theory of evolution "is wrecking the faith of countless professors and students today. He showed how moral standards are openly attacked and students are taught that sexual control is puerile."

"Christians," to quote his own words, "must in every state of the union build their own colleges in which to teach Christianity; it is only simple justice that atheists, agnostics and unbelievers should build their own colleges if they want to teach their own religious views or attack the religious views of others. . . . Christians do not desire less education, but they desire that

religion shall be entwined with learning so that our boys and girls will return from college with their hearts aflame with love of God and love of fellow men, and prepared to lead in the altruistic work that the world so sorely needs."

School—Public and Parochial

Our country expends each year enormous sums on the education of "young America." As a result, large, sanitary, well-equipped schools are to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land. A high standard of education is demanded of all who would teach. English, mathematics, science, and athletics are in the hands of qualified educators. Nothing is left undone that might develop both mind and body of the child as he grows into adolescence, while environment, companionship, be it good or bad—more often the latter than the former—shape and mould his character. Religion, a necessary factor in the moulding of the heart, does not come within the province of the state.

Seeing the disastrous results of this system of education in the youth of our day, many states have made provision that the teacher shall each day read to the pupils, without comment, some verses or texts of the Bible, hoping thereby to offset the evil. Other states have gone a step farther and allow the pupils to be dismissed one or two periods of each week for religious instruction, which is to be given under church supervision by the various denominations. This latter is undoubtedly a great improvement over the former, for an opportunity is thus given to inculcate moral principles. Promiscuous Bible reading, however good and holy the source, will scarcely be of avail in stemming the tide of vice that is spreading like a huge wave over the world, threatening to engulf the human race.

The Catholic parochial school is the only ideal and satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Some few of our non-Catholics brethren, especially the Lutherans, recognizing the evil too, apply the same remedy by maintaining a system of religious schools. Ministers of other denominations have of late advocated the religious school. The great difficulty in maintaining separate schools, however, is that of double taxation, a burden that rests upon the denomination supporting the school. As Church and State are separate, moneys derived from taxation may be applied to public institutions only and not to the religious school.

The Catholic parochial school wields a salutary influence upon the child—it makes him a good Christian and a loyal citizen, provided he remains faithful to the principles that he has been taught. In secular learning the parochial school child is not inferior to the pupil of the public school, as the many victories of our parochial school children in recent contests have superabundantly proved. Moreover, and what is of greater importance, the child in the Catholic school learns not only the distinction between right and wrong, but, by the practice of virtue, to do the right and avoid the wrong. Besides this, he has many supernatural helps, prayer, the Mass, the sacraments—especially of penance and Holy Eucha-

rist. His leaders and guides are for the most part men and women who have consecrated themselves to the service of God in religion. Deprive us of our religious schools, as the bigoted element is endeavoring to do, and in the course of time you will have the same condition that exists in Russia today.

The place for every Catholic child, then, is in the Catholic school. Catholic parents are bound in conscience to send their children to the Catholic school, if it is in any way possible. Parents are answerable to God for the bringing-up of their children.

Alas and Alack!

With many a lass of our day there is entirely too great a lack of the sense of propriety in respect to the quantity of raiment that Christian modesty requires. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point if the women of the future are to retain their maidenly modesty. Only recently the Holy Father, as well as other members of the hierarchy on both sides of the Atlantic, has in no uncertain terms inveighed against the laxity that prevails among so many of the buxom daughters of Eve. Mary, the chaste Mother of Jesus, is the type of woman held up to our Catholic mothers and maidens as their model.

Complaints such as the Rev. L. Perrin made recently in his threat to close to visitors admission to the historic Notre Dame Cathedral at Montreal, unless they observe the rules of dress, headgear, and conduct, applies, no doubt, especially to non-Catholics, at least we like to think so. Yet some Catholic women, whose sense of modesty is dulled to such an extent that they unblushingly adopt the unseemly ways of a shameless world, are

(Continued on page 224)

The Grail*

Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.

All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.—Sir Galahad.

In medieval tales with faith aglow,
We read how knights rode forth in ardent quest,
Each fain to win at last the rapture blest
Assured to him who, chaste as driven snow,
Should find the holy Grail, and, finding, know
The sacred Cup with emeralds impressed
Wherein was gathered from Christ's riven breast
The Blood that trickled in death's final throes.

More blest by far than Galahad of yore,
'Tis ours to find each morn the boon he sought;
To find—nay, drink the Blood that we adore,
The while we ponder on this pregnant thought:
Who daily seeks the white Communion rail,
His heart becomes in truth a holy Grail.

* Reprinted from the initial number of THE GRAIL for which it was written by the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., LL. D., who departed this life on August 1, 1925. R. I. P.

Haunts of Ancient Peace

AQUILA

WHO has not experienced a strange feeling of emptiness upon entering a Catholic Church, to find that for the moment the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved there? Even before you actually realize the absence, you feel to have lost something, you know not what; and when you discover what is causing the mental dislocation, you feel you understand a little how St. Mary Magdalen felt when she cried out: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

I know a church where from the time of its building some seventy years ago a side chapel was set apart for the Blessed Sacrament, and to this chapel all comers gravitated quite naturally. But about two years ago it came amongst other changes that the Blessed Sacrament was removed permanently to the High Altar. For a time people still uneasily found themselves in the chapel; and as the beam with seven hanging lamps still remains (unlit now); painted glass; sculptured symbolism; mural decoration; nothing would have been easier than to kneel and adore. And I really believe it has been done. No matter, the Divine Presence is only a few yards away, and surely where He has dwelt for seventy years, with Mass said morning by morning, there must remain some unaccountable but delightful aura of His Presence: even as His grace remains in our hearts after He has left us sacramentally—and is not His grace a felt presence? And where the dwelling has been long enough to be called "an abode of ancient peace" surely the hold thereon is the more tenacious.

One finds the same feeling when visiting one of the ancient cathedrals, abbeys, or parish churches of England, now alas *not* in Catholic hands—can even tell if they are really pre-reformation, by the effect they produce in us. It is as though we caught in the ears of our mind the faint echo of an Angelic-Jubilate, which is the neuma of long-drawn and haunting sweetness that follows at the end of the Alleluatic verse in the Graduale of the Mass, and also closes the Alleluia itself, as though the angels were singing with us, and they and we loved to linger. And, of course, the angels must still linger on these melodies of time gone by. Melodies of praise; which, God be thanked, are coming back again amongst us, in cathedrals and abbeys, and even parish churches.

* Sent to THE GRAIL by the author shortly before his recent death.

"Bless the Lord all ye works of the Lord, in every place of his dominion bless the Lord, oh my Soul." (Ps. 102.)

Also, it is said that wherever Mass has been celebrated an angel remains to guard the spot to the end of time. And what a beautiful idea this is! How easily then can we gather up the echoes of the angelic melodies—if so be that we keep our hearts in proper tune.

What then must be our feelings when we come to visit one of the older Catholic churches, where there is no question of a mere aura or echo, be it never so enchanting, but the Sacramental Presence Itself, in an abode of ancient peace?

I recently came across a little chapel in a lonely part of northern England, two hundred years old, and this was indeed an abode of ancient peace. It came about in this way. My friend with whom I was staying suddenly proposed taking me to it. Just a few miles by rail, then a walk of three across the fields, mostly along the riverside. When we arrived, it seemed to me the whole place might easily be passed unnoticed. Turning round a sharp corner, my friend pointed out the chapel: unobtrusively built in keeping with the rest of the somewhat rambling house, and reached by means of a flight of much-worn stone steps. We entered. Imagine it. It is rather difficult, for most of our Catholic churches in England are less than one hundred years old—the same I suppose in the United States of America—but here is the Most Holy where it has dwelt for two hundred years. And Mass was said here even before that, even in times of persecution, for I was told of priests' hiding holes being found in the house: so this *is* indeed an abode of ancient peace.

Then we called to see the priest, who was well known to my friend. A dear old man, who filled the place exactly. He took us to his room, and would have no nay that we must have tea with him, so delighted was he to see us. In a secluded life like his an occasional visitor makes an agreeable change; especially as a trouble with his eyes prevents his reading much beyond his Missal and Breviary. And talk! Oh but it was delightful to be favoured with opportunity to talk with such a priest; resident with the Prince of Peace; constantly in his familiar company; in this abode of peace. Truly, one quite failed even to think of expressing sympathy with his infirmities, even with his failing eyesight, seeing, perhaps subcon-

sciously, how gloriously to him was applied the dear old Benedictine motto—"Pax"—and "Pax" surrounded with a crown of thorns.

I learned that his had been a busy parish in the cathedral city, and now in his old age he had come here, where there is the old chapel to be served, with a small number of Catholics round, to whom he can very well attend, and so pass the evening of his life in a peaceful usefulness. I gathered that sometime ago the owner of the house had left it, with the adjoining fields, to the Bishop of the diocese, as a home for a priest obliged to retire from ordinary parish work, but at the same time able to provide for the spiritual needs of this little flock.

The visit occupied my thoughts most pleasantly and profitably, and when Saturday came round, my friend proposed that we all should go there the following morning, he and his wife and eight months old baby, my wife and I. We could have a car, and in this way we could all go to Mass and Holy Communion together. Of course this was readily agreed to and on Sunday morning off we went, and the chauffeur coming in also to Mass, there were six of us to help fill the chapel. We found the priest pacing the aisle, saying his rosary, whilst waiting for his people to assemble. When, after enquiry, he found he had congregated every available soul, he vested himself in a beautiful green chasuble of great amplitude and proceeded to celebrate Mass. Mass at a two-century old altar! The syllables fell from his saintly lips like jewels of crystallized sound, each so distinct that one needed no missal at all whilst he read aloud. The Mass seemed to connect in ordered sequence with all those said here in days ago, even back to persecution times; but no thought of any persecution, nor of anything at all external troubled us now, nor did even the odd remarks made by our baby, nor the many made by another baby present, strike anyone other than agreeably well fitting; nor in our Holy Communion did we realize any cognizance of the many who had received it here in times of stress and strain. All these thoughts came afterwards, but *they came*; aye, and *still they come*. For, if a place where the Most Holy has dwelt so long can talk to us so eloquently even after the Presence has been banished, how, think you, could a place like this fail in eloquent suggestion? Not, surely, in just mere echoes (yet *they* not wanting), but, to hearts attuned, the still small voice of the Most Holy Itself; the very vibration of angel wings; and the peace breathing notes of angel melodies are audible. To all seeming it is probable there was never any choir in this remote spot to render the Church's

song: all the more reason then to think that the angels would supply that song. So that the very neuma we seem to hear forms indeed a grand angelical Jubilus.

After he had finished Mass, the priest sat down and preached a sermon; and in it he explained (so aptly did it occur in his theme) that the nearer one got to God the more one was privileged to suffer, for the keynote of the Incarnation is just that of suffering, instancing specially our Blessed Lady. And he said, it is all so exceedingly worth while, for any suffering is but the shadow of a great joy; and our Lord Himself, as St. Paul says: (Hebrews 12: 2) "Having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame," shows us exactly as to *how* it is so worth while. Again, our Lord's legacy to His apostles was: "You shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (John 16: 20.) Not simply that sorrow shall be removed and joy take its place, but that the very sorrow itself shall be *turned into* joy; ever as His own Five Wounds have been turned into shining jewels for evermore.

All Hail! Dear Conqueror! All Hail!

Oh what a victory is Thine!

How beautiful Thy strength appears,

Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

Can you wonder that I think of this old hidden-away chapel as a haunt of ancient peace; and treasure the memory of my visit as a red-letter feast? A feast to revert to; an encouragement while life shall last; a vision of the new Jerusalem, the Jerusalem above, which is our Mother.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above.—Faber.

The Cure d'Ars.

(Feast Day, Sept. 3rd)

FLORENCE GILMORE

Lowly thou wert, and poor, and meek,
And yet men thronged to thee;
From many lands they came to seek
Forgiveness at thy knee;
Not poor alone, but rich and great,
The sinner and the saint:
Ars saw them crowd about thy gate —
Old Ars, obscure and quaint.

And now the saints of Paradise
Make merry for thy day,
While angel with archangel vies
To please thee with his lay;
Our Lady calls thee to her side
To say sweet, tender things:
Poor humble saint, canst thou not hide
Beneath some angel's wings?

Most Ancient Shrine in the World

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

OF the existing towns in the world Hebron claims precedence in age even before Damascus. It lies on the high road which leads from Jerusalem, passing Bethlehem, towards Bersheba, the proverbial southernmost town of Palestine. Situated partly in a most fertile and sheltered valley, partly on the surrounding heights and slopes, Hebron numbers at present some thirty thousand inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans. The old town is very much crowded, the streets are narrow and the houses are built close together. The valley, which is well watered, is like a large and delightful garden. It was in this neighbourhood that Abraham settled after separating from Lot; and from here he started with 318 servants to free Lot from captivity. An ancient, very much decayed, but propped-up oak tree is supposed to mark the place where he had pitched his tent. Here, too, he entertained the angels; and on the way towards the East, leading to Sodom, he pleaded for the wicked town, although in vain. He did not stay here all the time, but moved about with his herds from one grazing place to another. He was here when Isaac was born and when Sarah died. On this latter occasion he provided for his wife, for himself, and for his son a burial place nearly two miles from his tent. This was a cave called Machpelah, which he bought from an inhabitant named Ephron, and there he buried Sarah about 1859 B. C. When Abraham himself died, he was buried by his sons in the same cave. In his old age Isaac lived and died here, and he, too, was buried by his sons Esau and Jacob in the family grave. Of Rebecca, his wife, and Lia, his daughter-in-law, we are told that both were buried in the same cave. (Gen. 49: 3.)

Jacob died in Egypt, but he charged his sons to bury him with his fathers, and Joseph, with Pharaoh's permission, went himself with his brothers all the way through the desert to carry out his promised work of mercy and filial love. (Gen. 50.)

To Hebron came Josue and the other spies, sent by Moses from the desert, and from here they brought large and juicy figs and pomegranates, and the famous cluster of grapes carried by two men; and, in consequence, Palestine was described as the "land flowing with milk and honey" (or rather sweet juice).

After the conquest by Josue the town with the fields close by was assigned to the priests and the levites, whilst the surrounding coun-

try belonged to the tribe of Juda. As David was originally recognized as king only by this, his own tribe, he was anointed here as king and resided as such at Hebron seven years, for not until he had driven the Jebusites out of Jerusalem was he able to make that city his capital and the holy place for the ark of the covenant. The treacherous Absalom took advantage of the significance of Hebron as a royal town, and under the plea of offering sacrifice at the ancient altar erected by Abraham, he sent messengers to Hebron to all the tribes that at the sound of the trumpet they should make the mob say: "Absalom reigneth in Hebron."

At the time of Our Lord there stood above and around the cave a mausoleum of carved marble, which seems to have endured to the fourth century, as it is described by pilgrims from Europe. Two hundred years later the sanctuary had been reduced to a dilapidated state. The crusaders built, apparently on the foundations of the Byzantine cathedral, a church which remains to this day in its essential features, but it is now a mosque, one of the four great Mohammedan sanctuaries, which are very jealously guarded. No Jew is permitted to enter, and for Christians it is very difficult. Even recommendations from high government officials are of no avail, if the Mufti on duty is a fanatic. Fortunately I came armed with a permit signed by the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the head of the Palestinian Mohammedans, whose acquaintance I had made during Cardinal Bourne's pilgrimage. I had asked to bring three friends, and we were admitted without difficulty, whilst some others, who had joined us, and hoped, by means of the all-powerful baksheesh, ("tip"), to secure admittance, were sternly refused. We were guided hastily through the desecrated Catholic edifice—no visitor is allowed to sketch or measure, and all have to take off their shoes. The building has at least three aisles and an early Gothic vaulting. The crypt, where the bodies of the patriarchs rest, is cemented down, and as it has not been opened for 500 years, it is impossible to know the exact spot of each tomb. The monuments erected in the mosque are apparently stones in the shape of sarcophagi, but they are covered with green silken palls embroidered in gold. They stand in niches and are protected on the open sides by gratings of brass and wrought iron which are permanently locked. At the entrance of the middle aisle at

the right hand side is the monument of Joseph; but as another grave of the Patriarch is shown in Samaria near Jacob's well, his burial here is not so certain as that of his ancestors. Farther up in the central aisle is the monument of Abraham at the right, and that of Sarah on the left. The tomb of Abraham constitutes this place the great sanctuary for the Arab Mohammedans, for they claim descent from him through Israel, who together with his half brother Isaac assisted at his father's burial. The monument of the latter is in the right aisle, that of his wife Rebecca is opposite. Lower down, on opposite sides, are those of Jacob and Lia, whilst the tomb of Rachel is shown near

Bethlehem, where she died. Whilst on Jewish holidays crowds of Jews flock to this latter tomb, and also to the reputed tomb of David in the Cenaculum on Mt. Sion, no Jew may enter either the area of the temple of Jerusalem or the mosque at Hebron, which are constructed over the bodies of his ancestors. If any Jew attempted to do so in disguise, he might have to pay for the venture with his life, and the civil authorities would not be able to avenge his death at the hands of fanatics. Even for a Christian the visit to the most ancient shrine in the oldest town is still a rare, and therefore an interesting, experience.

The Beasts of the Wayside

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE village which lies immediately below the monastery of St. Bonaventure, and to which the road arrives by a very adroit angle, has its share of goodly souls. There used to be an old cobbler who sang songs while at work; and you may come across an ancient legend which relates how an exiled Polish nobleman lived next to the postoffice and sold medicines. But it is also true, unfortunately enough, that occasionally a villager hardens his heart. He becomes stingy or even averse to climbing the hill on Sunday for Mass. And then it is only too natural that he should view the Franciscans with a muddy eye. Generally such a one will confine himself to talk, which is not so dangerous as artillery, though it has its murderous effects. Once in a while, however, the attack becomes disagreeably concrete.

Brother Exuper, a person of slender build and very innocent eyes, used to pass the door of old Andrew Slower almost every afternoon at four o'clock. It was then that the Brother officially collected whatever telegrams might have come to the village for St. Bonaventure's. This mission was surely one of importance and trust.

"Good afternoon!" the Brother would say very cheerfully whenever old Andrew stood in the doorway or moved about his yard.

Mr. Slower, however, always mumbled an inarticulate reply which, to tell the truth, was profane. Then he would go in and say to his wife, "I wish that donkey of a Franciscan would keep his mouth shut!"

"Andrew," she would reply wearily. "It is wrong of you to —"

"Bah!"

From this it is apparent how slight was the esteem of Mr. Slower for Brother Exuper. In

fact, it amounted to nothing at all. The reason was very simple: a sermon had been preached one Sunday about the unjust steward, and Mr. Slower, who was unfamiliar with Biblical narratives and had been in control of a lake steamer during three consecutive summers, fancied that the address had been aimed at him personally. His wife vainly tried to explain. The postmaster made a similar effort and lost his temper.

"I will keep that hypocrite away from here, Amanda," Mr. Slower continued, "if I don't do another thing. Watch me!"

"I'm pretty sure you won't do another thing," the mistress of the household retorted sharply.

"Bah!"

Thereupon old Andrew went off into the country and returned with a mongrel mastiff who growled at everything, including his own shadow. Mrs. Slower wept, the cat stiffened every hair on her back, and the neighbors grumbled: but the ferocious mastiff took up his abode. Of mornings the brute and his master retreated into a small shed to the rear of the house and waited for Brother Exuper to pass by.

"See?" Mr. Slower would inquire, pointing to the brown figure on the highway.

To this the mastiff would reply with a blood-curdling growl.

Finally there came a morning when old Andrew, having received an answer to his question, released his hold. The dog rushed forward, but, luckily enough, was caught sight of just in time by the intended victim. Down the street Brother Exuper raced, with a speed which the world had not looked for in him up until that time. It was, indeed, a surprise to the Brother himself. And he managed to get

into the postoffice at the precise moment when his pursuer was within an inch of the rear flounce of his habit. There ensued such a tirade on the part of a portly lady across the street that the mastiff decided to go back home.

"It was a fairly narrow escape," Brother Exuper commented, out of breath.

"Folks ought not to be allowed to keep beasts like that one there!" the postmaster grumbled, as he shook a fist.

The Brother selected another route for his return trip, and indeed was even then constantly examining the horizon for devouring monsters. He arrived quite safe, however, and presented the telegram to his superior without comment. But that night at meditation, his mind kept recalling the story of the Wolf of Gubbio. St. Francis had calmed even the beasts of the forest; why then should he, Brother Exuper, permit himself to be routed by a dog? It did seem inconsistent with the spirit of the Order, and so, hostile to conscience. The Brother was puzzled.

"I must make friends with the beast!" he concluded that night, in his cell. But when the next morning came, it was clear that friendship alone was not sufficient. The mastiff began to reassume the terrific proportions of the previous afternoon. Brother Exuper therefore went to the butcher and begged two small scraps of beef. After some delay these were forthcoming, wrapped in a shred of brown paper. Thus armed, the Brother set out.

"Good afternoon!" he said to an old lady coming up the hill. In fact, it was such a charming day that he felt like racing into the village and shouting a hymn of joy.

Nevertheless his eyes were valiantly watchful, and sure enough! no sooner had he passed the gate of Mr. Slower than the shaggy brute appeared on the run. Brother Exuper, with his hand on the paper, took four swift steps. Then he cast upon the ground the two pieces of meat.

"There," he informed his enemy with some uneasiness.

The mastiff wavered in his purpose. He remembered the principle of obedience, but he was not above bribery. What was this? Meat? It had been a long time since that has come his way without taking to its heels. The mastiff, therefore, like the unjust steward, took what he could get. Then shrewdly he decided to look into the matter further, and tagged the Brother, peaceably enough, even to the postoffice.

Mr. Slower, who had been informed of the previous day's adventure, greeted the return of his servant with no realization of the treason done. He patted the mastiff on the shoulder; he even went so far, as to offer him a potato

with gravy—that being all the kitchen would surrender.

Twice more did Brother Exuper cautiously obtain beef from the butcher; and twice again did the mastiff decide to declare a truce. "Nice dog, nice dog!" now became the tenor of a conversation lasting from Mr. Slower's gate even to the postoffice, though the Brother still entered this building with an agreeable feeling. But now, in spite of everything, he had taken an interest in the beast; and so he appropriated bacon rinds or what not from the table, for the solace of his onetime opponent.

Meanwhile old Andrew had grown somewhat suspicious of the enterprise. "Now, why doesn't that skeleton in a holy blanket stop coming this way, I wonder?" he asked himself in perplexity.

Indeed there was some reason for believing that either the Brother was much in love with exercise, or that—but old Andrew still refused to consider the alternative. Nevertheless, on the next day he waited a few moments and then walked cautiously to the front of the house. What was his astonishment to see Brother Exuper coming calmly down the road with the ferocious mastiff tripping amiably at his side!

"— — —," were the unquotable remarks of the old man to himself.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Slower," the Brother chirped amiably.

The former steward could restrain himself no longer. He was bursting with curiosity. "Aren't you at all afraid of my—the dog?" he blurted out.

"Afraid?" demanded Brother Exuper proudly. "Indeed, why should I be afraid? You can see for yourself that Fido and I are the very best of friends. We go to the postoffice and back like this every day."

And the Brother stooped to stroke the shaggy back. Old Andrew, however, recalled only too well how he himself had been forced to seek refuge behind the farmer from whom he had made the purchase. He recalled distinctly also that at least on one occasion the Brother had taken to flight.

"He is a rather savage brute," he ventured to state. "I know that. How have you managed to—to make friends with him? That's what I want to know!"

The Brother looked up the shady road toward Saint Bonaventure's. Perhaps what he was going to say lacked a certain element of sheer truth. But clearly there could be no harm in singing the praises of a Saint.

"Perhaps you haven't heard the story of the Wolf of Gubbio, Mr. Slower?" he suggested. "It is a common story and yet—"

"I have not."

"Well, then, it was Saint Francis who tamed the Wolf of Gubbio so that they became the best of friends. And mind you, the Wolf had gone so far as to eat a man! He was the terror of the whole neighborhood! Why, anybody can tell you about the Wolf."

"But," the old man remarked very correctly, "you are not Saint Francis."

Brother Exuper smiled very humbly. "I am not," he admitted. "But neither is this the Wolf of Gubbio."

Which, in its turn, was a remark containing much wisdom. And as if to show his approval, the mastiff sprawled out on the grass. A look of placid benevolence covered his murderous countenance.

"I'll tell you one thing, Brother," Mr. Slower declared impetuously, "if you can tame critters like that one, perhaps you can even do something with me. I'm a bad old sinner, I am. Haven't swabbed the deck for a year, Brother!"

Such a confession in the village, at four o'clock in the afternoon, quite took Brother Exuper's breath away. "Why, you're not! I'm sure you're not, Mr. Slower!" he said. "And if something is bothering you, why not go up to the monastery and see one of the Fathers?"

Old Andrew, however, abruptly changed the conversation. He called to his wife and presented her to the Franciscan with a little flourish. Then he invited him inside for coffee, and related several stories about the lakes. All in all he proved an excellent host and delayed the Brother almost an hour.

After that, Mr. Slower was always sure to be in his yard at the precise hour in the afternoon when telegrams were available.

"Good afternoon," the Brother would say.

And the steward's reply was sure to be long and invoked. Afterward the mastiff very gravely made the trip to the postoffice and back again, becoming finally so docile and exemplary a beast that even the fat lady in the green house spoke to him in terms of esteem. All of which gave Brother Exuper quantities of food for thought.

Not so very long after this, a salesman appeared in the village and even in Mr. Slower's front yard. He was trying to sell a lawn mower, nicely painted in green and red. As a matter of fact, Mr. Slower was just on the verge of surrender. Then Brother Exuper passed by, with his customary greeting. The mastiff, however, being interested in the business venture, did not stir from his place.

"There's a lazy friar for you, eh?" asked the salesman who had overheard a rumor to the effect that Mr. Slower was not a man of piety.

"It's a wonder that folks feed them, isn't it now?"

"He isn't lazy!" old Andrew declared doggedly.

"Oh not when it comes to—"

The salesman was on the verge of a wink, when his customer commanded abruptly, "You get out of here! I don't want your lawn mower."

"But—"

"Get out of here!" shouted Mr. Slower.

Then he walked over and shook the mastiff by the collar. "There!" he suggested irately. With a growl the obedient beast rose to his feet. In consternation the salesman turned and ran. Down the street he tore for dear life, with the pursuing patter close at his heels. Past the postoffice the chase continued, arousing the villagers and bringing the fat lady to her door once more. At length the salesman reached the open country. A small pond rippled at the edge of the highway. Into it he plunged, and the mastiff followed. He was a dog of his word.

Now, however, a voice rang out at the water's edge. "Fido! Come here, Fido!"

It was Brother Exuper. Thus summoned, the valiant mastiff cocked an ear, courteously withdrew, and accompanied the Franciscan back into the village. In fact, they reached Mr. Slower's mansion without further catastrophe.

"Brother," said the old man meekly after he had listened to a short address of reproach, "I think we had better come to an understanding. You see, that dog and I are too much alike. It is a bad partnership, this one is. And so, I have decided to give him to you, Brother."

"Thank you, but—"

He wanted to say that before such a dog could be admitted to the monastery certain formalities were in order. Mr. Slower, however, gave him no chance to explain.

"That will be all right. I paid a certain sum for him, but never mind it, Brother. This is a gift. Only I want to shake your hand, Brother!"

And so Brother Exuper, somewhat nonplussed, set foot for the monastery with the monstrous mastiff at his side. What should be said to the superior? What impression would the dog make for himself? But the Brother could arrive at no conclusion.

At first, indeed, the superior was utterly negative. When he had listened to the complete history of the mastiff, however, he suddenly smiled and changed his mind. He knew more about Mr. Slower than did Brother Exuper, and he had some insight into human nature. Accordingly he gave his consent to the official adoption of Fido.

For a long while the two, Franciscan and

mastiff, went everywhere together. And during his life, as well as long after his sad demise, the shaggy beast was referred to as the Wolf of Gubbio.

The Silent Partner

MARY CLARK JACOBS

JOHN Bradford leaned back in his chair with a satisfied smile. Bradford & Company had had a very successful season. The financial report, which the bookkeeper had placed on his desk, testified to a nice margin of profit and the bank book confirmed the statement. Now, he was due to show his gratitude for his good fortune.

Early in life John Bradford had formed a habit that, no doubt, many Catholics practice. Whenever God had been particularly good to him and some special blessing had been reaped, he showed his appreciation in a material way and sent a substantial check to an orphanage, seminary or an equally worthy charity.

Just who would be the beneficiary now? As he pondered over the subject, to his mind came a conversation he had held with a clerical friend concerning the great need of a Catholic institution, in which young men were being trained for the holy priesthood and he decided that the seminary would be benefited—that is, of course, if his partner approved. His partner! A little smile, tender and sad, curved his lips as he thought of his partner.

"Bradford & Company" was the sign that decorated his factory building, but the Company seemed to be sort of a mythical quantity for no one seemed to know just who the Company was or where he kept himself. Bradford himself was the head of the factory, no other owner ever being in evidence as far as the employees could testify.

One time a curious business friend asked:

"Mr. Bradford, have you a partner?"

"Yes," he pointed to the sign of "Bradford & Company." I am Bradford and my partner is the company."

"But, I've come to your office frequently, yet I have never met him. Doesn't your partner join you for consultation?"

"It is true that he never comes to the office, or interferes with the management of the factory; but I do consult him often. My partner is responsible for whatever success I have achieved."

The man shook his head stubbornly: "Mr. Bradford, you, alone, have worked here, building year by year, until this factory is the big concern that it is today. If your partner has been of any help, your business associates have

not been able to detect it. You, yourself, have accomplished it all."

"That's all you know about it," Mr. Bradford smiled. "It was my partner's faith in me and my ability, that gave me courage to start in business. His loyal assistance held me firm and steadfast during the first lean years. Now, that success has really crowned the work, I only seek to continue to deserve his commendation."

"He must be 'some' partner," the man said using the expressive slang phrase.

"So he is," John Bradford agreed.

As Mr. Bradford indulged the pleasant thoughts of his successful business, his partner and the proposed check to the seminary, his reverie was broken by a clerk at the door.

"Mr. Stanley Elsworth," he announced handing Mr. Bradford a card.

"Admit him," he commanded after he had studied the card for a minute in silence, gaining no particular information from the square of cardboard other than that the gentleman in question was a "promoter."

"Mr. Bradford," Mr. Elsworth said, getting down to the reason of his visit, "Mr. Robert Warren sent me to see you. I am promoting a new project, and my proposition has proven so enticing to Mr. Warren that he has decided to go into it. He asked me to give you an opportunity to get in on the ground floor also."

As the man talked Mr. Bradford studied him. He was of a pleasing personality, a good talker, and convincing in speech and manner. Mr. Bradford was impressed. The deal seemed to offer an opportunity to make big money and make it speedily; there seemed to be no hook or crook in the methods of operation. The fact that so conservative a man as Mr. Warren was eager to invest in it was doubly assuring. It called for the immediate investment of several thousand dollars, a similar sum at the end of the first year and after that there would be little to do but gather in the shekels of profit.

The proposition looked good. Mr. Bradford liked it and, fortunately, after his very good year of business, he could afford to invest the sum called for. But if he used it for that investment, the seminary would have to wait for its donation. He hesitated and his thoughts flew to his partner. Would his partner approve of delaying the payment to the seminary when he knew it was needed so badly?

"Mr. Elsworth, I like your scheme. I think it is sound. I believe it is square, but I want to consult my partner before I invest any money in it. You can give me a few days' time for consideration?"

The man shook his head. It seemed that there were many eager to jump at the opportunity. He had come to him only on Mr. War-

ren's insistence. An immediate acceptance or rejection was necessary.

John Bradford considered. Only for a minute did he entertain the thought of going ahead with the deal without his partner's knowledge. He dismissed that almost immediately.

"May I have half an hour?" he asked and the man agreed, promising to return to the office at the expiration of that time.

Two minutes after Mr. Elsworth left his office, John Bradford was in his car driving at a rate that tested the speed limits. Finally he stopped before a cozy white bungalow and ran up the steps to a glass encased sun parlor.

"John!" his wife arose from a chair that had been drawn close to a wheel couch and cried. "John, what has happened to bring you home at this unusual hour?"

"Father!" the occupant of the couch, a young man of perhaps twenty, cried joyously. "Here, mother and I was counting the minutes, thinking we had to wait two more hours before you would be with us, and you're here *now*."

John Bradford glanced at his son, his silent partner, who had been a helpless cripple since birth and his vision cleared. Elsworth's scheme passed before his eyes, and he perceived defects which he would never have discovered in his office chair. How the boy had always helped him. His son, who, physicians at birth had assured him, would be better off dead. Indeed, there was one who insisted it would be not murder, but mercy, to administer the drug that would cause the little heart to cease its beat. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford had ordered the doctor from the house. He was their child, their gift of God, theirs to rear and nurse and love, expecting nothing in return, just giving of love and time and money because he was the baby that God had sent to them.

But as the years went by John Bradford realized that he was getting large returns from the love lavished upon his crippled son. The boy was his inspiration, the clear blue eyes that looked at him so trustfully, kept him straight and true, the fine brain that grew in spite of the deformed body, furnished many of the big ideas that John Bradford worked out with such success in his business. Father and son were partners, closer, dearer to each other because of the boy's affliction than they could have been had he been well.

As John Bradford assured his wife that all was well and smiled at his son's joyous welcome, he knew that he need not mention Elsworth's scheme to him. He knew that the boy would disapprove. The seminary must not be made to wait for the donation. In the clear, straight eyes of his son he read that, so there was no need to discuss it.

"I ran home for a few minutes to tell you of our wonderful success this year, Jack," he said as he dropped to the chair vacated by his wife. "You know, son, we always do something for God's poor when He has done something for us. What shall it be now? I thought of giving two thousand dollars to the seminary Father Vincent was telling us about."

"Father," the young man's face glowed with pleasure, "how do you manage to read my very thoughts? It's the very thing I have been wanting to do. Mother and I were talking about it just before you drove up. The seminarians need the new building so badly."

"Ah, you approve. I am so glad, son." Then he added whimsically: "How do I read your very thoughts? I guess it's because we're partners, Jack. Isn't it mother?"

"Of course, it is," Mrs. Bradford agreed.

"Well, I must hasten away. I have an appointment at the office in ten minutes. You might write a suitable note to Father Vincent and I'll bring the check home with me this evening."

"Jack, I think you've helped your father in some big way just now," Mrs. Bradford told her son. "He came in with a frown, sort of worried, but when he spoke to you, the trouble seemed to roll away, as though you had solved some problem for him."

It was many months later that they learned the facts of that afternoon visit of father to son. Mr. Bradford told them about it when the glaring headlines of the newspaper announced the failure of 'The Robert Warren Manufacturing Company,' a failure due in a great part to the scheme promoted by Stanley Elsworth.

"I was favorably impressed with the scheme at first," he told his wife and son, "but I knew if I put my money into it, I could not make the liberal donation to the seminary that I had thought of as a thanksgiving to God. I decided to talk it over with Jack, my partner, before committing myself. When I reached home, there was no need of discussing it. The scheme did not appear nearly so inviting as it had a few minutes before. I asked you, son, about the donation to the seminary and you are enthusiastic about that. So I returned to the office and, much to Mr. Elsworth's surprise, turned down his most attractive proposition."

"Poor Mr. Warren, he went in heavy for it, didn't he?" Mrs. Bradford asked.

"Yes, poor man. You see, mother, he had no silent partner to save him from such misfortune," he smiled at the boy on the couch, whose face was transfigured with a smile of happiness.

(Continued on page 224)

The Angel of the Eucharist

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

IT was on the eve of St. Michael's day that Father Gilbert opened the Forty Hours Devotion in St. Michael's parish. On the following morning he quite naturally spoke on the Archangel's relation to the Church and in particular to the Eucharist.

"If," said the preacher, "we could have gotten a peep into heaven long before the world was made, we should have found St. Michael there as the first adorer of the future God-man; we should have recognized in him the conqueror of those rebel angels who spurned to bow before an Incarnate God; we should have heard in the very name *Michael*—the Hebrew for *Who is like God?*—the war cry of the loyal angels as reflected in the Apocalypse: 'There was a great battle in heaven, Michael and his angels fought with the dragon and the dragon fought and his angels: and they prevailed not neither was their place found any more in heaven. And that great dragon was cast out, that old serpent who is called the devil and Satan who seduceth the whole world; and he was cast out unto the earth and his angels were thrown with him'; we should have observed St. Michael among the seven spirits that stand at the throne of God.

"Then, too, if we retrace our steps back to the Old Testament, we see that it is St. Michael who discharges a special office in its regard. In the prophecy of Daniel St. Michael is called 'the great prince who standeth for' the children of

God. He was the guardian angel of the Jews. And again, according to St. Jude: 'When Michael the archangel, disputing with the devil, contended about the body of Moses, he durst not bring against him the judgment of railing speech, but said: The Lord command thee.'

"Now the Catholic Church stepped into the place of the synagogue.

Therefore, St. Michael is venerated as the Guardian Angel also of the Church and especially of the Eucharist. Priest and people confess their sins at the beginning of the Mass 'to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to Blessed Michael, the archangel,' etc., and they 'beseech the Blessed Mary, ever virgin, Blessed Michael, the archangel,' etc., 'to pray to the Lord our God,' for them. At a Solemn High Mass the celebrant blesses the incense at the offertory, saying: 'By the intercession of Blessed Michael, the archangel who standeth at the right hand of the altar of incense, and of all His elect, may the Lord vouchsafe to receive it for an odor of sweetness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.' This is an allusion to what St. John saw in heaven: 'an angel stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense that he should offer of the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel.' A reliable authori-



MICHAEL, THE ANGEL OF THE EUCHARIST

ty tells us that, wherever the 'the angel' without special name is mentioned in the Holy Sacrifice, we may safely assume it to stand for St. Michael who is honored in the Church from the earliest ages as the guardian of the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the particular protector of the Church militant. This was also the reason why Pope Leo XIII in 1886 ordered the invocation of St. Michael to be added to the prayers which are recited after Low Mass.

"In the course of time this intimacy between St. Michael and the Eucharist has found expression in various ways. Many churches and altars have been dedicated to the archangel. Hence, the saying has come into vogue: 'On St. Michael's day there is church dedication in heaven and on earth.' The Blessed Eymard, founder of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, gave St. Michael to his followers as their patron and model. St. Gerard Majella (d. 1755) found in St. Michael even a minister of the Holy Eucharist. When he was a boy of six years, the saint had an indescribable desire for Holy Communion. One day—he was seven years old then—he could not restrain his yearning when he saw other people approach the Communion railing in the Cathedral. He arose and, unconsciously as it were, following a divine attraction, he proceeded towards the altar and knelt down with the other communicants. Yet the priest passed on as before a child that accidentally comes into one's way and failed to fulfill the boy's desire. Sad and weeping, Gerard returned home and as he was unable to hide his sorrow he opened his heart to a few intimate friends. Among them was Emmanuela Vetromile, a woman who had loved the boy as her own son and hence in her motherly way tried to console him in his grief. However, the Lord Himself undertook to obtain for this saintly lad true comfort. In the following night the saint perceived an angel in whom he recognized his own deeply revered St. Michael. The angel administered to him Holy Communion. It is said that St. Gerard in his youthful simplicity revealed this incident to his benefactress Vetromile and that, filled with joy, he exclaimed: 'This very night St. Michael gave me Holy Communion.' It is more probable that the saint made this remarkable experience known only when as a religious he was commanded to manifest the extraordinary favors which God had bestowed upon him.

"St. Michael's protection does not cease with his life. He is the same archangel who conducts the souls to God's judgment. Therefore, he is invoked as a patron of the dying and, being the angel of the Eucharist, must he not be eager to obtain for us the grace of Holy Viaticum? The Church prays on his feasts: 'The

Lord hath entrusted to St. Michael, the prince of the heavenly hosts, the souls of the saints that he may introduce them into the paradise of joy.' In the Requiem Masses she recites the following prayer: 'Deliver them (the souls of the faithful departed) from the lion's mouth that hell engulf them not nor they fall into darkness, but that Michael, the holy standard bearer, bring them into the holy light which Thou once didst promise to Abraham and his seed.'

"Even the bodies of the just and especially of the Eucharistic clients share in this patronage. As of old, this archangel defended the body of Moses, so now he protects and guards the bodies destined for the resurrection. St. John Chrysostom tells us that the angels surround the graves of those who before their departure have received the Sacred Viaticum and guard their ashes as a sacred deposit which they must exhibit one day at that great assembly where all men will be judged according to their works. Now surely St. Michael, the angel of the Eucharist, must be at the head of these angelic guards of our Catholic cemeteries. How appropriate, therefore, is the name of St. Michael for the Catholic God's acre, the last resting place of those bodies that during life have so often become Eucharistic temples!"

In the course of the after-dinner chat Father Ovees, the pastor, remarked: "Father Gilbert, your reference this morning to Pope Leo's order for the addition of St. Michael's invocation to the after-Mass prayers brought to my mind the whole excitement caused by the impostor Leo Taxil. He surely had the world believing in the eighties that the devil was hiding everywhere. Some people thought at the time that Leo Taxil was responsible for the addition."

"Well," replied Father Gilbert, "even if he had been, that would not matter, for we can't deny that the devil is busy all the time and, therefore, the invocation of St. Michael is in place. Undoubtedly the best time to invoke him is in connection with Holy Mass. The origin of the prayer, as Pope Leo XIII acknowledged to a certain prelate, who at the time was a consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, was the following: when celebrating Mass one day the Pope had a vision. The earth appeared to him as enveloped in darkness; an abyss opened and he saw issuing from it a legion of demons who spread over the world to destroy the works of the Church and to attack the Church herself already reduced to extremity. Then St. Michael appeared and with his sword drove back the evil spirits into the abyss."

Just then came a quick rap at Father Ovees' office door. The two priests looked at each

other. Father Gilbert feigning fright remarked: "Why, old Nick must be after us already."

Another rap. When Father Ovees opened the door, he found Sister Pia all in excitement: "Father! Father! There was a fire on the altar right next to the Blessed Sacrament." Both priests hastened to the church. Sure enough the corporal beneath the monstrance was burned up to the foot of monstrance but nothing else had been damaged. Although worshippers had been there all the time, they had noticed nothing.*

"I can't see how the fire could get a start," commented the sister.

"I understand," retorted Father Ovees how it may have gotten a start, for lighted candles will at times spit. What puzzles me is how it ever was extinguished. It must have been St. Michael who protected the Blessed Sacrament. Didn't Father Gilbert convince us this morning that St. Michael is the protector of the Eucharist?"

"Yes," interrupted Father Gilbert, "this reminds me of the famous case in York, England. You know that in the 16th and 17th centuries hundreds of monasteries and convents were plundered by the Protestants, especially in England. The Convent of St. Mary in York was attacked by a rabble during the reign of Charles II. Some of the assailants had already penetrated the building and, amid cries of imprecation and blasphemy, tried to enter the chapel in order to desecrate the Blessed Sacrament. In those days of peril the superioress enjoyed the privilege, in case of extreme necessity, to take the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle and to seek refuge in flight. Accompanied by one sister, therefore, she hastened to the chapel

whilst the raving hordes were already breaking into the convent. With trembling hand and reverent awe she opened the tabernacle, grasped the ciborium which she hid under her wide robe and attempted to flee. But the first pursuers had already found their way to the corridor which led to the chapel. Following a sudden inspiration she commanded the sister to place the statue of St. Michael before the chapel door and the superioress cried out: 'Great God, defend Thyself, we can save Thee no longer.'

"The cursing and raging mob had already come as far as the open door of the chapel when suddenly by some unexplainable power they were silenced and driven back from the statue of St. Michael. After a few moments not one of the assailants was left in the house.

"Out of gratitude for this wonderful rescue the statue of St. Michael remained at the chapel door and his feast has ever since been celebrated with special solemnity and the community's suffrages are daily placed before their protector."

"Good for St. Michael!" exclaimed Sister Pia. "It was he who saved our Lord today."

Now, St. Michael is everything to the good Sister sacristan. She guards the half-burnt corporal as a precious relic in memory of him. She is constantly recommending to him the altar and the sacristies. When she needs flowers she asks him to get them for her. When she wants to decorate with good effect she begs him for ideas and when her fellow sisters give her helpful suggestions she thanks them but she always adds: "St. Michael surely told you that." When someone commends the neatness and the tastiness manifested by everything in the sanctuary and in the sacristy, she shrugs her shoulders with an "ugh!" and ends up by saying: "That's Sister Rosalinda's work but anyhow St. Michael helped her."

* A real happening of Sept. 29, 1924.

Little Walks in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

ROME, always the center of Christendom, has become, since the beginning of the Holy Year on Christmas Eve 1924, the goal for vast assemblages of the faithful who desire to reap the large benefits of the Jubilee.

Apart from the four basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul outside the Walls, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major, there are numberless churches of varying interest that the pilgrim to Rome wishes to see.

So, soon after he is settled, temporarily at least, in some hotel or pension, he takes little strolls in the afternoon around the Eternal

City, visiting not only the churches but other points of interest.

One of these walks begins at the Palazzo Farnese, said to be the finest palace in Rome, and a true type of Roman architecture. It was begun by Cardinal Alexander Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul III, in about 1540, and was continued after his death, being completed only in 1580.

The beautiful cornices of the court were designed by Michelangelo and show strength and grandeur. The Bourbons, who are the heirs of the Farnese, sold the palace in 1911 to France, and it is now the seat of the French

Ambassador to the Government of Italy and the French Consulate. The School of History and Architecture is also established in the building. Some of the most beautiful existing frescoes of Raphael and his school are in the Farnese palace.

At the southwest corner of the Piazza Farnese are the church and convent of St. Bridget of Sweden, built on the site of the house where she dwelt and of the hospice for Swedish pilgrims. The present church dates from 1513 and belongs to a community of Carmelite nuns.

A little distance hence is the Palazzo Spada, now the seat of the Council of State. The courtyard is rich in sculptured ornament. In the hall on the first floor is the famous statue believed to be that of Pompey at the base of which Julius Caesar fell. Byron makes note of this statue in his "Childe Harold":

"And thou dread statue! Yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty."

From here the visitor walks to the famous portico of Octavia, erected by Augustus B. C. 23 in memory of his sister. The existing fragment is at the entrance of the portico of the church of S. Angelo Peschera.

Passing through the Ghetto, where for three centuries and until 1870 the Jews of Rome were compelled to live, a short walk brings the traveller to the Theatre of Marcellus. This noble edifice was projected by Julius Caesar but he probably made little progress with it. It was actually erected by Augustus. It was capable of seating twenty thousand spectators and consisted of three tiers, but the uppermost has disappeared and the lower is imperfect. Still it is a great remnant and towers over the squalid houses around it in disdainful magnificence.

On the way to the church of St. Cecilia, the Temple of Vesta, in which the sacred fire was kept, and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis are seen in the distance. This latter is one of the most antique edifices of pagan Rome.

The church of St. Cecilia is one of the most venerated sanctuaries in Rome, and in many ways one of the most interesting buildings in the city. Originally the famous mansion of St. Cecilia, it was converted into a church by St. Urbana in 230 in accordance with her dying request.

The high altar has a beautiful canopy. Beneath it is the lovely recumbent figure of the saint executed in white marble by Stefano Maderno. The saint is represented in the very posture in which her body was found when her tomb was opened in 1599. The drapery is very beautifully modelled, the hands are crossed at the wrist, and the whole figure is one of extreme pathos and loveliness.

St. Cecilia won the crown of martyrdom in a very cruel way. Three times did the axe fall upon her tender neck, inflicting deep and mortal wounds but not severing her head. Then the executioner went away, leaving her still breathing and bathed in her own blood. For two days and nights she hovered between life and death. On the third day she went home to heaven. A poet, inspired by Maderno's masterpiece, has written these touching lines:

'On her side she rests

As one asleep: the delicate hands are crossed,
Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes
The virgin limbs, and round her slender throat
A golden circlet masks her cruel wound,
And there she lies for all to see; but still
Her voice is sounding in the Eternal Psalm
Which the Church singeth ever, evermore,
The Church on earth, the Church of saints in
heaven.'

—Lewis Morris.

The underground chapel was completely restored by Cardinal Rampolla in 1905 and is rich in granite columns and mural mosaics. Excavations disclosed the mansion of St. Cecilia with the mosaic pavements of rich marbles. Many valuable fragments of sculpture found in the ruins may be seen on the walls.

With many a fervent prayer of parting, the visitor goes next to the church of San Crisogono, erected in the house in which this martyr lived and where he suffered a bitter persecution of Diocletian. The pavement is one of the finest of any church in Rome, and is attributed to the school of Romano. Two porphyry columns support the arch of the tribune, and are rare and curious in make.

Near the end of the right aisle is the tomb of the Beata Anna Maria Taigi. Her body, intact, may be viewed through a golden grill.

Then at the conclusion of this little walk, the visitor enters the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, supposed to be the first church in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Mary. The high altar is covered with a canopy resting on four columns of porphyry. Beneath there are the bodies of Calixtus I. and St. Calepodius, martyrs. The church also possesses the shrines of Sts. Cornelius, Julius and Quirinus. The rich treasury of relics is shown to the faithful on certain visits. It may be mentioned in conclusion that the whole district called the Trastevere lies at the foot of the Janiculum on the right bank of the Tiber and has preserved its own characteristics across the centuries.

The cool breeze warns the tired but enthusiastic traveller that darkness will soon cover the City of the Caesars, so he goes to a street cafe for a cup of coffee and home to rest and gain new energy for another little walk tomorrow.

Life's Seasons

WARFIELD WEBB

IT was years ago. We were young then, Madeline and I, and we had just returned home after our honeymoon. Life, viewed through young eyes, was a vista filled with glowing sunshine, a spring morning, whose rising sun shed its golden rays on our pathway. There was a finger that bade us come; the smile of nature was our harbinger, and the goal that we sought seemed indeed a long way off.

There is a similarity between youth and spring. Somehow they seem synonymous—so closely allied as to seem united. It is the season of life when everything bursts forth in very gladness—a time for the newer things in life—a season wherein there is nought but gladness, enthusiasm, joys, hope-dreams, many of which pass ere the mating time is done. So it was with us. Our spring was at hand; our hopes, anticipations, aspirations, plans of undreamed worlds to conquer, stood out before us with a vastness that, while they appalled, did not frighten. No, youth's bravery and self-esteem make all obstacles appear as barriers that are as the melting snows before the sun. We went forward gaily, singing, with our faces toward the sun, our hands clasped, our hearts aflame with love, and our smiles as the flowers that lined our pathway on every side.

Years pass. We are older now. The sun has mounted in the sky and the summer of our lives has radiated its heat into our joys and sorrows, warming our hearts and cheering us for the graver duties that come with the passing years. Yes, we have been blessed with children—a boy and girl now make our lives fuller—and our obligations more sacred. Children are blessings that rob our lives of selfishness, that make our aims more well defined—a something that lifts us up and beyond our baser existence. Every duty is more serious, every hour bringing to our hearts that incentive that urges us to greater effort. Their future becomes our larger goal, and their success a meaning that intertwines itself into our nobler selves.

How we watched them grow with smiles and hopes. It seemed but a step from their babyhood to the period of their school days. The summer was passing, and as the warm days sped onward, their young lives made our years, while grown, none the less warmed with the sun of that dearest season of the year. Soon, yes, too soon, we saw them nearing manhood

and womanhood. We were growing gray, rounding the years of maturity, while the sun had mounted high overhead. Soon would they leave school books behind, and come to look upon life as we had done before them, filled with the hopes and aspirations for success—ever the goal of ambitious youth.

The sun of summer was losing some of its warmth, the nights were not so warm, a change was taking place. Then there came, like a clarion call, the awful cry of war. The red fire that had so long smoldered now burst forth and the flames mounted higher. There was a call to the colors. For volunteers. Our country needed soldiers to defend her cause. My boy, our lad, had answered the summons. Youth, filled with enthusiasm and ardor, was being marshaled to do battle for the country. Yes, he must go—his comrades were his boyhood friends, and though it smote the heart, like a knife that wounds, we bade him God-speed.

The girl, she too was fired with patriotic ardor, and longed to do something for her country. A nurse she would be to bind up the wounds, to give the smile and the word of cheer to heroes bleeding and wounded, dying on the fields where battle had raged blood-red.

Then came the melancholy days of autumn. Life is more grave now and our heads are like the snows that soon would come, covering the fields with their fleecy blankets. Madeline and I have become serious. Our steps are less agile, and our eyes no longer see the glow of summer sun. As we read the tales of other days, the letters from our soldier boy, and the vivid pictures of our girl, the nurse, we needs must use our glasses, though the mists that gather often make us remove them ever and anon.

In the trees we hear the wind sigh; its song, a dirge that somehow seems like an accompaniment to our thoughts as we think of our children afar off. The birds sing softly, the flowers tell of the coming time of bleakness, but still we hope on, for life still has its hidden charms and its sweets that our graver years have not smothered. Hope, that is the star that still shines on our firmament, and this keeps our lives more sacred.

At last the day has come. Peace has been declared and the awful sound of battle is at an end. Our boy, a grave and sunburned officer, comes home. How the few years have changed him from a youth to a full grown man, a son

that pride makes pardonable in our hearts to call our own. His mother is younger now—his safe return seems to bring to her wrinkled face something of the old bloom of youth and the smile that had become less frequent lighted up her countenance with a strange semblance to the sun that was afar over the hillside. Our lassie, too, was back with us. There was a glow of young womanhood in her face that had replaced the girlish look that we remembered when she went away. Back of this we, at least her mother, saw a hidden secret. Yes, she was to marry. War had done this much; alas for us. A young and gallant officer had won her heart. But it was all right. Her mother had set the example, and we were all happy in the thought of the coming event.

As for the lad, well, he had a secret too, even war could not stifle the heart of the soldier to that of love. It was the autumn of our lives, but the spring was just beginning for these young people. May their lives be as full of charm and gladness as ours had been before them. There were the shadows, the showers, the storms, but these had passed, and the sun had shone all the more tenderly after the passing of the clouds.

The snows have fallen. 'Tis winter with its

gray days. How the winds blow and the birds chirp as they flit from limbs to snow-drifted roof. Our steps are slow and our hands are less steady now. Glasses help us to see our pathway, and the prattle of children's voices—yes, the kiddies of our children—bring back memories of other days when we were beginning life's journey. The sun is setting. We see afar over the distant hills the fading glow of a day that is shorter and listen to the purr of our old cat as she naps before the open fire—a picture of contentment.

Grandma is nodding in her chair, her bible having fallen from her hands, but on her face there is a smile of tenderness. Among the glowing embers can be seen many pictures, and as they change with ever varying charm, the mind is carried back to the many dead years—even as the ashes that have fallen to the brick hearth below. Dreams of youth fill the mind. Old days of country school and youthful faces arise to greet us. Buggy rides, country dances, days in the woods, fishing parties, love by moonlight, youth in all its sweet and tender glory. My head nods—and as the fire dies down, the winter wind sings outside like the spirit voices of many dear ones who now sleep in the little graveyard over the hill—at rest.

Stephen Decatur--The Hero of Tripoli

MAUDE GARDNER

NEAR the little town of Berlin, on the eastern shore of Maryland, are located the well-known Harrison Nurseries, where in early autumn thousands of trees bend their branches under the weight of beautiful, luscious red peaches which are gathered and shipped to all parts of the country. And set in the midst of this great peach orchard is a little shrine of patriotism that is practically unknown to the great majority of American citizens—a shabby little building, with a shingle roof, that has weathered the storms of one hundred and fifty years and today gives useful service as a storage barn.

It was during the darkest days of the Revolutionary War, after the famous Battles of Brandywine and Germantown, when the British took possession of Philadelphia, that a captain in the American Navy, seeking safety and quiet for his wife and children, fled from the old Quaker city and came to the peaceful shores of Maryland. And there, on January 5th, 1779, in the humble little building, which today stands in the midst of this great peach orchard, Stephen Decatur, destined to become a famous figure in American History, was born.

At the close of the great struggle for freedom the Decatur family returned to Philadelphia, and there the boyhood and youth of the future great sea warrior were spent. From his early days Stephen Decatur, like his father, loved the sea, and longed to follow in his parent's footsteps, but the fond mother, knowing the grave dangers to which her husband had often been subjected in his sea adventures, strongly refused to allow her young son to risk his life in such a hazardous profession, but finally when Commodore Barry, the great Irish commander who had won so many sea fights during the Revolution offered a position as midshipman on his vessel to the sea-loving lad, the mother reluctantly gave her consent, and Stephen Decatur began his first lessons in naval warfare.

It was just at the beginning of the eighteenth century that our American Navy was practically disbanded and only a few of the officers retained to command the small number of vessels that our country owned at this time. For many, many years, the United States Government had been paying to the Barbary States on the north coast of Africa an annual tribute of several

thousand dollars demanded by them as a ransom for leaving alone our merchant ships which occasionally sailed their waters. But in 1801, when the ruler of Tripoli learned that our country had only six small war vessels, he decided that the money they were getting so easily was not enough and now was an opportune time to take ships and men as well, so, disregarding his agreement to leave our vessels unmolested, this Tripolitan ruler ordered that the American ships be captured and the men who were on them be sold as slaves. And to further show his authority, he ordered that the staff which carried our beloved flag in that far-away country be cut down and that the American consul be shown no courtesy.

But the new nation, called the United States, whose sacred flag had earned its right to live only a score of years previous, would bear no insult to the stars and stripes, and so war was declared on Tripoli and a fleet sent to bring the dusky ruler to terms.

Fortunately the poorly-equipped American Navy had retained Stephen Decatur as commander of one of her six vessels, and to this gallant young officer was due the glorious victory gained over the pirates of the Barbary coast. For when the good ship, Philadelphia, which Stephen Decatur's father had once proudly commanded, was captured by the Tripolitans and her entire crew made prisoners, it was young Lieut. Decatur who volunteered to undertake the hazardous exploit to recapture the American vessel or if necessary destroy her so that she could not be used in warfare against them.

It seemed a perilous undertaking for the ship lay close to the Tripolitan fortress and had on board a crew of Turks, but the risks and difficulties only served to stimulate the courage of Stephen Decatur, and with his little band of volunteers, among whom was brave Captain James Lawrence, whose dying words: "Don't give up

the ship," a few years later, have been handed down as an inspiration and motto of the American Navy, he sailed into the harbor of the enemy in a little vessel disguised as a fishing boat.

It was soon apparent that there was no hope to recapture the good ship, which had done valiant service for many years, and the only way to get the frigate out of the possession of Barbary power was to burn her to the water's edge, and so under darkness of the night the crew of brave Americans, under command of Stephen Decatur, drew near the doomed vessel, and under the guns of the Pasha's castle, climbed on board the ship of their own land, drove from her deck the dusky-skinned warriors, and set ablaze the noble vessel, whose great burning light followed them as they made their way out of the harbor.

This daring exploit excited the wonder of admiration of the world, and as a reward for his bravery, young Decatur was made a captain, and presented by Congress with a handsome sword, for in a great measure it was his daring and courage that crushed the power of the Barbary States, and put an end forever to claims of tribute from the nest of pirates.

In the War of 1812, which soon followed, Stephen Decatur won great victories, his greatest, perhaps, being the capture of the "Macedonian," an English frigate, and for which gallant act Congress voted him a gold medal. Then, again, he was sent to the Mediterranean, and on his return to his native land was appointed one of three commissioners to head the Navy Department. At the southwest corner of H Street, in Washington, D. C., he built his home, adorning it with trophies, gifts from foreign rulers, and rare knickknacks picked up in all parts of the world, expecting to enjoy for the first time in his mature years a life of peace and quiet. But this was not to be, for Commodore Barron, about whom Decatur had made some hasty remark years before, challenged him to a duel, and there was no alternative but to accept. Brave, loyal Stephen Decatur had no desire to kill his opponent, but according to the code of honor which prevailed at the time, he had to go through with the farce and fell mortally wounded, thus ending the life of the great ocean warrior whose motto was: "My Country—may she always be right; but my country right or wrong."

Resolve to bring to Jesus Christ in every visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and much more at every Communion, some victory gained over yourself. This is the most solid way of corresponding with His grace, for this is the peculiar interest of the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament.—Borgo.



BIRTHPLACE OF COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR

An Unfortunate Reversal

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

RECENTLY a Protestant minister, wishing no doubt to introduce some novelty into his service, read the answers to some letters that he had written to young boys, asking them what was the matter with the average American home. Now observe that these young lads were expected out of their own immature minds and callow inexperience to decide a weighty question like that, involving as it does the very basic life of the nation. Observe also that these lads were placed in the position of critics and censors of their own homes and of their fathers and mothers. As might be expected from such an illogical position, the lads responded heartily to the invitation and severely criticised and even condemned their homes and their parents. Possibly this minister may recall, unless he has "advanced" out of all old-fashioned Christianity, that the Almighty Himself gave children their guide to their home conduct in the strong commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother." It is the only commandment that carries a promise of reward for its practice, "that thy days may be long in the land."

This Fourth Commandment has fallen from its high estate in our day and with it as logical consequence have fallen several of the others. It seems as if a far better method of real Christian teaching would be to try to restore the Fourth Commandment to its proper place; to instil into growing youth a respect that leads to obedience in their restless years, when many, in lawless disregard for home training, make such havoc of their lives.

It seems to be a fashion for judges, preachers, and all sort of "uplift" people to criticize parents and to hold them responsible for the pitiful falls into crime that mark our young people. Perhaps, being of the parent persuasion myself, my sympathies are with that greatly criticized class. Real respect for any authority will hardly survive contempt and criticism.

The young are not logical as a rule. They judge from results only and seldom go back into causes. The boy or girl finding himself or herself in the position of a judge of his or her home is not likely to be guided by the admonitions or counsels of parents who are, at least with all their faults, not softened by respect or sometimes even affection, have experience and mature minds. In obedience generally lies safety for youth. I have in mind, of course, the average well-ordered home which I believe is more numerous than the home of poor environment. The bad homes often get into police

and press notice. The good ones do not. So we are inclined to think the former more numerous even as we are likely to conclude that successful marriages are rare, because the few unhappy cases, leading to divorce, are heralded, while the many happy ones are unnoticed.

It would seem that a course of lectures to growing youth from pulpits and from judicial benches on respect, obedience, and loyalty to the home would be of far greater value than all the criticism and advice given to parents, which is certain to place them in an inferior position before their children and tends to destroy their authority.

Suppose, for example, the young were taught to criticize all ministers of religion and all judges of the courts. How long would respect for religion remain or how long would respect for the law result?

There is, we know, an offence punishable with a fine and sometimes even with imprisonment for what is called "contempt of court." Yet this same judge who would not tolerate any criticism of his judicial acts, knowing how detrimental it would be to his authority and the upholding of the law, will probably lecture the parents instead of the children upon their duties. There seems to be no fine or punishment for "contempt of home" and contempt of parental authority. If the judge or the minister is so careful of his own authority, why so careless of that of fathers and mothers? It was for the securing of the safety of parental authority that the commandment was given amid the thunders of Sinai. "Honor thy father and thy mother." And mark that the Almighty did not command honor for the wise father and mother, the intelligent, the successful, the kind, or even the good, father and mother. Just "thy father and thy mother," whatsoever they may be, for He Himself had given them and He Himself had placed them over us.

I said awhile back that young people see only results and do not go back to causes. Mother is cross, irritable. They dash out of the house to find congenial, lively surroundings. Mother may be wearied to the breaking point with the many wearing exactions of the home. Father may be stern, especially in the matter of the children's associates. Father has to bear the burden of the family life and he knows from his years of experience with all sorts of people what sad results come from evil associations in youth. But when Jack gets into trouble with bad companions, it is father and not his com-

panions, with whom he associated in defiance of parental warnings, who will help him and set him again in the right path. If Jennie, in her strenuous devotion to pleasure, late hours and excitement, breaks down in health, it is the mother, whose advice she scorned, who will care for her even when the shadows hang darkest. So in spite of lectures from judges and criticisms encouraged by preachers, parents are not so bad after all and the home, in hours of pain and sorrow and even shame, is a shelter.

I heard a very wise man once say that he would always show boys the results of intemperance and girls the end of dissipation by pointing out to them the "downs and outs" in destitute old age hardly tolerated and never respected. Most normal young people like to think they will be successful in life and when they are shown by living examples the pitiful failures that result from reckless, dissipated youth, they are apt to do some thinking. This will be even more forcible if home admonitions and training are supported by school, pulpit, and judicial bench, and children are placed in their right position ordered by the Almighty and not misplaced in a precocious attitude of criticism that is bound to destroy all respect for the home.

Then, too, as the young like to think of being successful in life they should remember that almost every successful man or woman was a good son or daughter. The reward of "days long in land" would seem also to be days full of honor and success to the children giving the respect that belongs to parenthood.

I believe that Freud, about whose theories I know next to nothing, has something to say of an "inferiority complex," which means, as I understand it, that we are not to place ourselves in an inferior position or to believe that we are inferior. I wonder if Freud ever saw the attitude of superiority of children and the expected attitude of inferiority of parents in our day? Now, since this unfortunate reversal of their relations has come and parents are constantly being plunged into an "inferiority complex" by the very power, the pulpit, from which we would reasonably expect that their divinely given superiority be maintained and to honor ordered them to be sustained, what advantage is gained by either parents or children? The fathers and mothers do not receive the honor to which they are divinely entitled and their authority becomes very weak and even with a strong sense of responsibility they are helpless before the rush of lawless youth. The children are in a false position. Instead of learning wisdom with their growth and finding their best safety in obedience, they plunge out into the rapids and often, alas! too often, are wrecked in

mind, soul, and body in the formative years that should have been the fine foundation of successful manhood and womanhood.

I wonder if the minister, who asked callow youths what was the matter with their homes, could ever imagine Jesus criticizing that humble, beautiful home in Nazareth or saying one hundredth part of the bitter things the unfortunate, heedless young people of our day say of their parents. There is a line in the Bible that tells a world of filial obedience and gives a far better answer than any received by a novelty-seeking preacher in our day. Jesus had returned from Jerusalem to Nazareth and was with Mary and Joseph in his boyhood and for years His whole life is covered with that one line "And He was subject to them." And as if even in the human relation of parents and children it follows as an harmonious and logical result "And He grew in wisdom." Is not that sort of wisdom, following obedience, far more desirable than the crude criticism of youth of their homes and parents?

It would be most desirable, too, that the Fourth Commandment be restored to its high estate with all the real wisdom that would follow its practical application. Again, instead of criticisms from judges, questions from preachers, would it not be most advantageous for them to urge and insist that the old, old guide that never failed to lead the successful manhood and womanhood be restored to its greatly needed place in our day of unhappy confusion in the mind of youth of reasonable freedom with reckless and often criminal license? The children should take their turn at being lectured instead of their parents. No lecture or sermon can ever be greater, for the best advantage of youth, than that the Almighty Himself gave: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Comrade

NANCY BUCKLEY

The wind blew chill, one bitter night,
And the waves ran fast and high;
I watched in vain for the flashing light—
For a comrade standing by.

*Nay, not in vain, for by your side
I was steering your bark through the ocean wide.*

For a dreary year, I knew no sun—
Naught but the beating of rain;
Alone, I drank from sorrow's cup,
Alone, ate the bread of pain.

*Nay, not alone, for I held your hand,
And walked with you through sorrow's land.*

Some Mexican Churches

CHARLES E. HODSON

THE Alameda is a beautiful little park in the center of things in the City of Mexico; it is a true forest; yet, by dint of constant watering, the gardeners keep the grass beneath the trees of an emerald green. There are well-tended flower beds, and fountains, and statues, pleasant walks and benches, on which a great number of loungers of all classes may always be found. The plaza is a feature of your Mexican town; they have the happy quality of repose. There is a pergola at the eastern extremity of the Alameda, facing the marvellous new national theater, now under construction. Also a handsome white marble semicircular erection in honor of Juarez. It formerly housed the office of the national lottery; but that is of the past. But the most pleasing feature of all is the joyous clamor of the school boys, for a little playground is reserved for them.

We will consider the four churches about the Alameda, three of them served by religious communities. There were five, but the little church of Corpus Christi on the south side of the park has been secularized, and converted into a warehouse.

We will first describe San Juan de Dios—St. John of God. It is on the north side of the square, paralleling the street. The side of it is hidden by houses. The handsome Princess Hotel stands there. The church is entered by the door to the east. You must gain it by a narrow sidewalk, still more confined by a woman who presides there at a stall, where she displays cheap religious oddments. Hucksters seem to consider it their right to establish themselves on the causeways, thus commanding a shop free of rent.

The entrance is under a lofty semicircular arch of white stone, like a huge conch. Above this, the beautiful campanile leans threateningly, as is often the case. The bell is rung by a long wire, attached to the clapper, which wire runs back along the roof the whole extent of the building. You may see it in action from the Alameda.

This church is served, so one of the community just told us, by five Spanish Benedictines, that is to say, it is a French Order of Benedictines, established in Spain by Napoleon.

Entering, we find the entire nave bescaffolded, for half the Mexican churches are in a state of repair. Much of this results from damp. They fresco walls and ceilings, and these soon begin to peel and discolor.

Beyond is the well-lighted space under the dome, with a shallow transept on either hand. Above the altar in that to the north, or right, stands an image of St. Anthony of Padua. You may always be sure of finding this saint, and, of course, the national patroness, Our Lady of Guadalupe, in every Mexican church. This statue has a history. It formerly stood, with other figures, outside, at the entrance. But it was cast down by a mob in the riots of "Freedom," in 1857. It was subsequently brought to light by some workmen, digging a trench in the Alameda, cleaned, and placed in its present position. At first glance the saint appears to be arrayed in armor; but a closer inspection shows that it is completely covered with little tinsel hearts, limbs, or kneeling figures, pinned onto the habit. These can be bought by the saint's grateful clients for ten centavos. The overflow are ranged by the side in a great framed case. St. Anthony is supported on either hand by figures of the Baptist, and St. Joseph, bearing the Infant Jesus.

In the opposite transept an old saint, with a crozier and an open book, occupies the center, he being flanked by a male and a female figure.

Close to this is the pulpit of dark wood, which is magnificently carved, in high relief. Mexican mechanics are adepts at this work.

The plain white sanctuary is chaste in its simplicity, a dignified relief from the ordinary Mexican temple, where a plethora of saints and angels crowd on each other, vainly seeking space.

There are four plain columns backing the altar topped by Corinthian capitals. There is a Sacred Heart image, and a Virgin and Child.

High up on either side is a tribune, faced with gilded latticework, where members of the house may assist at the ceremonies unobserved.

We were just at a week day Mass in this church, at half past nine, and there was a fair congregation of all classes and sexes, and a few communicants.

There is another church, that of Santa Vera Cruz, (The Holy True Cross), a little removed from San Juan to the east. They are but ninety yards apart. They are separated by what is called the Garden of Morelos, named from the priest-patriot of the revolution against Spain, who was executed at the instance of the Inquisition in 1815. But there is little of a garden about it now; it is an unsightly waste of tumbled-down bricks and rubble.

This church was founded by Cortes in 1527, but it is probable that not much of his work remains. It was so damaged by an earthquake seventeen years ago that much of it had to be rebuilt. There is an entrance at the west end and another, that most used, on the south side, over which is an ancient inscription; but it is so wasted by the weather that it is not easy to decipher it.

We found a bill pasted onto the southwest angle of the wall, beginning: "*Viva el Rey.*" It was the time of the recent Eucharistic Congress and, as one saw: "*Viva Christo Rey!*" stuck up on half the house fronts, one naturally expected. . . . But no; a closer inspection showed that the *rey*, or king, in question was Jackie Coogan. It is strange that none of the church officials should have taken it down. The first things noticeable on entering were a lot of notices: "Take care of your hat and parcels." These warnings are so frequent in these churches that one instinctively goes up to the altar for communion hat in hand. You would not get much sympathy did you lose it: "The poor fellow! No doubt he needed one; and you can easily get another."

You come on a great picture of the Eternal Father; a grey-bearded elder, crowned with the triple tiara, holding a crucifix.

Then there is one of those painful Christs, so dear to the Mexican heart, crowned with thorns, bleeding from every visible part, with a woe-begone expression. And, of course, another betintelled St. Anthony.

We saw a woman kissing the glass case which covered "The Holy Child of Octolan," a figure you may meet with all over Mexico. He is seated, clothed in a gorgeous ample robe, and with a broad Leghorn hat on his head, begayed with a large ostrich feather.

Two large chapels jut out at right angles to the nave on the north side, the western one is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. The walls and roof are elaborately frescoed, and six open books are shown, with the legends:

Franciscus, multa centena hominum millia ad Christum in Indiis convertat.

Plures mortuos revocavit ad vitam e feretro vivos restituit.

En Sanciano Sinarum die secunda Decembris, plenus meretis, obiit.

Profetiae spiritu passim afflatus, plurima enuntiavit.

Provincias innumeras pedibus semper et saepe nudis peragravit.

In rerum divinarum contemplatione defixus, a terra aliquando sublimis elevaretur.

One of these books was half concealed by a Madonna with extended arms, the hands with the palms upturned, and gilded rays issuing

from beneath them. In these churches there is such a plethora of saints and angels, the same everywhere, all of them from Munich, that they crowd on one another. In one place only do we remember seeing any original work, at the great collegiate church at Guadalupe. There, various dioceses have offered great paintings illustrating historic scenes which occurred in the locality, the friars baptizing multitudes of Indians, and so forth.

We saw a large cross, commemorating a mission of the Redemptorist Fathers in March last.

There is a rather fine painting of Mary embracing the foot of the cross, and another of the Holy Trinity crowning the Guadalupe Virgin.

The other chapel we mentioned is to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, with one of those pictures of the Virgin and Child attributed to St. Luke.

At the entrance to this hung a notice of the Papal Indult of 1919 for Latin America and the Philippines, which we translate into English:

Fasting and Abstinence: Ash Wednesday, and the Fridays in Lent.

Fasting without Abstinence: the Fridays in Advent, the Wednesdays in Lent, and Holy Thursday.

Abstinence without Fasting: the vigils of Christmas, Pentecost, the Assumption, and St. Peter and St. Paul.

But as no notice is taken of ordinary Fridays, very few would know anything about these days, except, perhaps, the Fridays in Lent.

These churches are mostly paved with ornamental tiles, and have movable benches, a comparatively recent innovation; in the old days the church was open, the women squatting on the floor, the men standing by the entrance.

On the west side of the Alameda is the church of San Diego. (In Spanish, *Diego*, *Sandiego*, and *Jaime* all mean *James*.) It stands far back, at the end of a long narrow atrium between buildings, and might easily be passed unnoticed.

The visitor from the United States is likely to stop at the Hotel Regis, which is just off the southwest corner of the Alameda. He will find in this hotel that half the most accommodating staff speak English. And in the church we speak of, which is close at hand, Father Ambrosio de Frias, who says the daily 7 o'clock mass, speaks English too.

This church is served by Mexican Franciscans. They have, too, a College in the pretty suburb of Coyoacan, the original site of Spanish rule, where Cortes is said to have killed his wife.

A graceful campanile soars above the left side of the entrance. Entering, we encounter

the image of a black monk, highly polished, and not unpleasing.

This church was founded toward the end of the sixteenth century by some barefooted Franciscans, commonly known as the Order of St. James. It is in very good order, and the nave has an abundance of altars and pictures. The light comes mainly from the central dome; the sanctuary is crowded with images, of which the outstanding ones are St. Francis and St. Dominic.

There are two large transepts, actually separate churches, that to the right, the Chapel of Dolores, being completely covered with oil paintings, the larger ones representing scenes from Calvary. This chapel has its pulpit, and three seats for the officiating clergy at High Mass. These transept chapels are separated from the main church by iron screens, but the gates are mostly open.

Masses are celebrated daily here at 6, 7, 8, and 12; and on festivals at 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30; and 13 o'clock.

The *Hora Santa* is said daily at 11.30; the *Corona Franciscana*, or the Rosary, daily after the 6 o'clock Mass. The Way of the Cross is said daily after the 7 o'clock Mass, and on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 17.30.

But the Mexican women are quite capable of conducting a service for themselves; you will find a group of black-shawled dames going around the Stations, one reciting, the others responding. They feel quite at home.

It is All Hallows' Eve, and the street flanking the north side of San Diego church, La Rinconada de San Diego, literally The Corner of St. James's Street, is occupied by the traders' stalls for the festival. There are three ranks of them, and they make a brave showing, with abundance of glazed pottery, fruits galore, and huge jars filled with temperance beverages. It is to be hoped that these are kept well-covered, for a stiff "Norther" is blowing, and the air is opaque with dust and paper.

This by the way. Continuing along the street which flanks the northern side of the Alameda for a few steps, we come to a dainty little garden, the atrium of San Hipólito. The municipality commenced this church in 1525, only four years after the conquest. The name is from the day of the saint on which the Spaniards gained their final victory. It marks the spot where six hundred Spaniards were killed on the night when the Aztecs drove them out of their city, this place having been then far without it. Their bodies were afterwards collected, and buried in San Hipólito, in those days when they were happily ignorant of microbes, and pestiferous gases, and sanitation.

At the northeast corner of the wall around the atrium is a curious figure of an Indian borne through the air in the talons of a huge eagle. There is a curious legend attached to this, but space does not admit of its inclusion. Above this is a medallion with a long inscription, giving the history of the place.

The campanile, to the right of the church entrance, is like lace of stone. On the other side the door is a corresponding tower, but it is a mere truncated stump.

Entering, we find an ample nave, with three domes, deplorably wasted by damp. The reredos backing the high altar is a gorgeous golden work. On the church walls are half a dozen large copies of well-known paintings. Thus we have two of Murillo's works; an Immaculate Conception, and a Holy Family. Then there is the apparition of Christ to St. Margaret Mary Alcoque; the well-known Virgin of Lourdes; as a matter of course, some Gaudalupe scenes and a painful Virgin of the Carmen. This temple is served by the Spanish Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that from the contemplation of the Blessed Sacrament alone we could draw all that we know of God's goodness and dispositions towards us.—Faber.

Remembrance

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

Kneeling where life's waters meet,
Beneath dark zones at Nature's feet,
I watch the wistful heights—the stars
So old, yet signalling still each other
Across deep blues, where amber bars
Lie far, far out in wintry weather;
And wondrous trailing bands of gold,
Through doorway of the sky unfold.

Watching by the barrier reef—
Pale-green spaces, bending leaf,
Kneeling, watching from afar,
As you drift thro' crested wave,
Conquering, herolike, the bar
Evil clings to—virtue saves.
Oh, calm and beautiful and free
Shines sinless soul o'er life's great sea!

Strew I blossoms where you sleep,
Through silent life, where night-dews weep—
The sacred astral spirit, shining,
Will deepen memories of me,
When clouds the fleecy sky is lining—
Will open love and life to thee,
And whisper: "We shall meet again,
Where love will not be sin or pain."

The Moral Aspect of Art

HARRY W. FLANNERY

RECENTLY I heard a remark that is often, I suppose, made by people who read Catholic periodicals.

"Why must every Catholic paper that considers plays," it was said, "insist on dragging religion into their reviews of them?"

Since the speaker is the author of several plays, several books, and other pen productions, the question is a natural one for him, but since he is a Catholic he should know the answer.

He realizes that since the reviews are written for a Catholic periodical that they are according to that particular point of view, but, he contends, the drama is entertainment, and should be considered as entertainment. "I don't see," he argues, "what religion has to do with it." It is true that most plays can be considered solely as being entertainment, but it happens, however, that in many cases the drama, as a form of art, is so presented that the Catholic critic cannot escape taking a religious viewpoint.

"Why?" he asks, and so I proceed to give him my opinion.

The purpose of art, I begin—and all drama makes more or less of a claim to the distinctive name, *art*—is not only entertainment or delight, but also is the expression of truth as seen by the artist. It is this second phase of its purpose that causes the Catholic critics to "drag religion into their reviews."

"Expression of truth," I have said, without meeting with any disagreement from him, or, I think, from anyone. But he does interject a question. "But what is truth?" he asks.

We have not, of course, being human, a knowledge of the truth concerning many things, but we have as Catholics, or as anyone reasoning sufficiently, a definite knowledge of what is good and what is evil. Art, we say, mirrors life, and a man who purports to be an artist may produce a reflection that is either true or distorted—more or less so. In many cases, of course, we may dispute over the reflection without arriving at any more definite decision than an opinion, but in other cases, we may determine whether or not the reflection is veracious. The cases in which we have knowledge of truth are those of good and evil, either as act or as philosophy. These are cases in which there is presented, when an untrue picture, an evil thing as good, or vice versa. This knowledge is the definite conclusion of our reasoning.

The worker may aver that his inspiration comes from the soul, and that his product has

nothing to do with reason. But this is absurd, for man must employ reason in his production of anything. Since this creation is impossible without the aid of reason, certain things naturally follow. Reason, as a distinctive human attribute, and as the guide of the soul, tells him that certain things are, or are not, true, and he must modify his conception according to this guiding influence. To a Catholic as a Catholic, the extent to which the artist's reason is developed and applied, is of no significance except in moral matters the truth of which has been established by centuries of reasoning Catholicity—and in these the Catholic critic cannot, if he is competent, escape from seeing things as true or untrue, as art or not art.

This does not mean that in any case must the artist preach, for the artist must not preach. It means only that art must be founded upon and be guided by truth. Sometimes it happens that a work does preach, but this in art, except in such forms as are intended to be exhortations, is not a purpose but an incidental and unavoidable accompaniment of the particular work.

Religion is "dragged in" by the Catholic critic when morals are involved. At this time the occasion is frequently due to the manner of many of the plays now being written.

All drama is based on a struggle—between man and man, between man and animal, between man and nature, or between man and society. The manner of struggle now made the basis of a large number of plays is the last—between man and society. This kind of struggle was popularized by Ibsen and others of his time, and may now be the most prominent type of drama. In them man is generally placed in opposition to some convention of society. He may be a murderer, a robber, or any such form of lawbreaker, but the construction of a balanced set of forces is in these named cases difficult. Ibsen made his leading character in "An Enemy of the People" be a man who was in political opposition to the people of his city. The usual type of such a struggle is one in which the concern is with sex. To balance the forces, the dramatist must make a case for the man or, of course, woman, and must therefore give the audience cause for sympathy with the character. This sympathy may, of course, be justifiable, but oftentimes the dramatist builds up a case for his character that, on the face of things, condones an act that is sinful.

Such dramas do—to a Catholic—have a moral

aspect in their relation to truth, and to art. It must be remembered, of course, that the subject does not make the art immoral or untruthful, but that the manner of presentation does. Noted dramatic writers have often committed the fallacy of saying that the subject makes a play immoral. One writer, in commenting on a play by Ibsen, said that it is immoral "not by reason of what it preaches, but by reason of what it exhibits." It cannot be said, however, that a story is immoral because of what it exhibits, except in one sense—that this exhibiton may state an untruth. No story is immoral by mere reason of its subject, though there are many unwary writers who have said so. The criterion is treatment only. If the subject were the test of morality, it would be right to say that *Othello* is immoral because the hero of that play kills his wife. That follows, but it is absurd. If it were true we would have to condemn Macbeth, Hamlet, plays by Sophocles, Racine, Moliere, Goethe, several plays by almost every one of the great old writers, and even a greater percentage of the modern ones. But even the men who make such a statement, do not argue against these plays. It is the manner of pres-

entation that makes the art true or untrue, not the subject. It is this manner, for an instance that has to do with the sixth commandment—popular modern basis for plays—that differentiates the *Confessions* of St. Augustine from those of Rousseau, and makes one a true, and moral work, and the other neither true, nor moral.

If, in making his presentation, the artist justifies any sin—or creates the impression that the sin is in any case justifiable, condones the sin, instead, mayhap, of creating justifiable sympathy for the sinner—his presentation is untruthful. With this consideration, the critic, as a Catholic, has to do—and necessarily. His manner of contemplating art of such a nature is natural, inevitable, and desirable.

Of other stage presentations that are not drama, nor meant to be drama, remarks might also be made. In a revue, for instance, a critic with a moral viewpoint, might object to certain scenes saying that these were immoral, but his statements in this case are made on another basis. The scenes may be objected to because of their stated harmful effects on an audience—but that is another matter.

Some Modern Vagaries

WARFIELD WEBB

LIfe, at this period, has some strange and seeming peculiar vagaries. Perhaps 'twas ever thus, but it appears a little difficult to see the subject in that light at this vista. Human nature is a peculiar conglomeration of ideas, fads and fancies, and one often is amazed at the antics of those who have been created as rational beings.

Perhaps many of us are cowards, speaking in a general way, cowards in that we fear to be independent in our morals and our dress. Doubtless the latter applies more forcibly to the women, who for the most part are slaves to style. They too often disregard the far more important matter of dressing with decorum, aye with modesty. If it is the style, well, many appear to disregard the matter of conscience, and to feel that like charity, style covers a multitude of evils.

It was not so many years ago that it would have been considered not only immodest, but in decidedly bad taste, for a woman or a young girl to have appeared in a store or office with low neck and short or no sleeve dress. But the matter has gone to such a craze that it is common to see women, in the warm weather, on the public thoroughfares with costumes that are decidedly vulgar. Is this in good taste? Is it

to be passed by as one of our so-called modern customs that popularity has made right?

Our women, both young and middle-aged, who are employed in store, office or factory, very frequently go to and from their work dressed as if they were going to a society event instead. It might be difficult to say who is the society leader to day and who the shop girl, judging by their personal appearance, only that as a rule the former is dressed with more decorum, and it might be with less show.

Of course we cannot find fault with those who wish to dress well, and even with a moderate amount of show, but there is a limit to everything, though it would seem that it has not been reached in this way by the present generation.

The term "flapper" has been applied to this class of creature. It may have its meaning, for it seems to be suggestive of a creature who is lacking in sound ideas and common sense. We are not speaking now of the girl, who in order to be abreast of the times dresses so as to be in the style, but who does not at the same time become either ridiculous or immodest.

If the plea is made that they are innocent-minded, or that they mean no wrong, it is but a poor excuse. We all know the difference be-

tween good and evil. That is why God gave us a conscience. It warns us, like an ever present safety valve, to be on our guard. It is the sentinel that keeps us from harm. Those who assert that they are innocent of anything evil, must be lacking in ordinary brain capacity, or who are willing to cast aside the safeguards of property.

Do the men respect them? Can they do so conscientiously? If we will command respect, we must first place ourselves in a position to do so. We have no right to complain when an insult is offered us when by our dress or manner we have made ourselves liable. This is true, regardless of what we might think or say to the contrary.

If the girl or woman who attends social functions, or who entertains a young man in her home, smokes cigarettes or, as it seems is becoming fashionable, to take a sip from a flask, does she feel that the visitor increase his admiration for her, or that he does not secretly lose his respect or her? The same will apply just as readily to the girl who loses her sense of

propriety so largely that her dress or conversation is not in keeping with the rules of decorum.

Some mothers say that it is necessary for them to watch their daughters. The girl who cannot be trusted out of the sight of her mother is far from the path of rectitude. She may be above wrongdoing, but there is a grave suspicion. Is not the blame in cases of this kind to be placed on the shoulders of the parents, particularly the mother?

Is she watching the styles of dress? She may permit the matter of style to overshadow her better judgment. She does not want her daughter to be an antique. But she will at the same time permit the same child to run the risk of losing her soul—for style's sake.

A strange world to an outsider. Strange indeed, because of our present day laxness—for style's sake. To those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and who observe, there seems to be just cause for grave concern for the future welfare of many of our young people, unless a miracle intervenes to save them eternally.

Miss Nannie

ETHEL KING

MISS Nannie Fisher kept a very nice board-house indeed. It was like one big family, she was wont to say, a smile on her plump old face. All Catholics, good Catholics too, she called them. Her prices were reasonable for New York. She was a good manager and she had a jewel of a cook in her black Dinah, so she was able to offer her guests excellent meals.

The fare served on certain days were events you looked forward to. For instance, Sunday meant a chicken dinner, and Wednesday evening was made a red-letter night by a boiled New England dinner.

Consequently, when George Horton sat down expectantly at the festive board on this particular night, he eyed askance the savory pink salmon that was placed before him.

"Oh, Miss Nannie!" he expostulated, "Why the fish? This is Wednesday, not Friday night. I was all set for your delicious corn beef and cabbage!"

Miss Nannie Fisher shook a gently reproving finger at him.

"George," she said calmly, "you go ahead and eat that fish. This is an ember day. And don't you forget to eat fish on Friday and Saturday too."

"Sure enough!" exclaimed George. "Now that I come to think of it, it was given out at Mass on Sunday. But I forgot!"

Miss Smith, the school teacher, spoke up:

"We all forget at times. That is, all but Miss Nannie. I've been here fifteen years and she has never slipped up on her fast days."

"Well, it's easy enough to remember," Miss Nannie told them simply. "Way back in my convent days we used to have a rhyme. It wasn't very good Latin I guess, but it was a great aid to memory. We used to say the ember days come

Post Lens,
Post Pens,
Post Crucis,
Post Lucis.

Ember days mark the beginning of each season, you know."

Her hearers nodded their heads.

"Well," she went on, "There you are. Post Lens—the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after Ash Wednesday. That's Spring. Post Pens—after Pentecost. That's Summer. Post Crucis—after the Exaltation of the Cross, September Fourteenth—Autumn. Then Post Lucis, after St. Lucy's day, December thirteenth—Winter. So there you are!"

"Very good! Very good!" all declared. And George repeated,

"Post Lens,
Post Pens,
Post Crucis,
Post Lucis."

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Another 'missing link' has been exploited and—exploded. The Taungs skull, claimed by Professor Dart as the 'foundation stone of the human race,' is now classed by Sir Arthur Keith as that of an ape. This is all the more surprising as Sir Arthur Keith is an authority that leans to accepting 'missing links' between man and monkey. He states that the 'Java-man' (pithecanthropus) still remains as the only known link between man and ape. Here Sir Arthur is himself wrong. To quote from the *Scientific American*, of February, 1922, page 90: The Java-man was "hailed in certain quarters as the 'missing link' between man and ape, but most pre-historians have since agreed that this belief is impossible." In other words, the missing link is still missing.

—Is the interior of the earth a molten mass? Dr. Henry S. Washington of the Geophysical Laboratory, Washington, D. C., thinks not. From various analyses and reasons, the Doctor concludes that the earth is a big iron-cored meteorite.

—The latest thing in vests is the bullet-proof vest. Thin metal plates are designed to take up the shock of the bullet so as to transmit the force of the impact over a large area.

—Should you have the misfortune to become deaf in one ear, you will find that your sense of sound direction is impaired. This is because hearing with two ears tells us whether the sound comes from the front or the rear, from right or left. Reception of wireless telephony carries with it the defect of hearing 'with only one ear,' like to a flat picture for one eye. Attempts to better this for radio reception are based on the principle of two 'ears,' or two transmitters at the sending station and a similar arrangement at the receiving station.

—The electrical miracle promised for tomorrow is the cold light. We should scarcely like to burn our house to read our newspaper by the light of the flames. Yet much the same is had with our present incandescent light. Only about five per cent of the original energy of the coal is converted into light. The vision of the future is for radio waves to excite light from a coating on the walls of the house just as at present radium salts are used for rendering clock dials luminous in the dark.

—There is but one God,—so believed also the primitive people. This is the gist of the lecture published recently by Dr. Paul Radin, late professor of anthropology at the University of California. The thesis of this lecture is that monotheism is original among primitive peoples, and is not the result of an evolution in belief from the more complex to the simple.

—'Genesis and the Battling Scientists' is the title of a note in the *Fortnightly Review* whence the following is taken: 'Scarcely a day passes without some discovery that brings the Book of Genesis into discussion. But there is, as the *Sydney Catholic Press* points out, a

humorous aspect to these discoveries. No sooner does one scientist proclaim the effect of his find, than another scientist jumps on him with both feet.... Dr. Eliot Smith would have us believe that our civilization came from Egypt; Dr. Macmillan Brown is impressed with the Easter Island mystery, and believes that the civilization which placed those great monoliths in the lonely Pacific islet could not have any connection with the people who built the pyramids. There is a sharp opposition between an American theory of diverse origins and a British theory of Egyptian origins.... Meanwhile the book of Genesis stands, in spite of the demand made by the 'American Scientific Association' to discontinue the story of Genesis in school books and substitute the doctrine of evolution. The Education Departments have only to sit back smiling and ask: 'Which doctrine of evolution will you have?' Then the scientists go at each other like a group of hungry sparrows, and Genesis is forgotten for the time."

—Psychoanalysis is still on trial. The famous German psychologist Fr. J. Lindworsky, S. J., claims that psychoanalysis has made no contribution of value to knowledge.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—"We have come from the Middle Ages into the muddle ages" said Dean Inge at Yale.

—Doctors usually have inside information.

—Science does nearly everything for the house, but it cannot make it a home.

—The radio outlook is better since so many sets have been retired for the summer.

—A new definition for the optimist is: one who always expects to get Los Angeles over the radio for his evening party.

—In the next world infinite judgments will not be based on human standards.

—It is estimated that there would be millions of acres more of standing timber today, had the comic supplements not been invented.

—The surgeon has great difficulty at times getting a needle out of a girl's hand, but many mothers find it difficult to get one in.

—A headline says, "Darrow to defend Darwin." One exchange hopes that he will not wind up, from force of habit, that Darwin is innocent on the grounds of insanity.

—A new device to wake sound sleepers is a parrot. Just hang the alarm clock over the cage, and listen to what it says when awakened by the alarm clock.

—A cross-word nursery rime:—

Old Mother Hubbard went to the receptacle for nourishment,

To get her poor dog an osseous tidbit;

When she got there the cupboard was entirely denuded of its contents,

And so the poor doggie got the opposite of any.

—One cynic says the way to catch a lunatic is with face powder, paint, and rouge.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The National Catholic Welfare Conference, through its general secretary, Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., is distributing leaflets against the iniquitous propaganda of birth control. These are, for the most part, statements and arguments from non-Catholic authorities, who uphold the Catholic view point on the subject. These leaflets may be obtained by addressing the national headquarters of the Conference at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

—A priest who had fostered many vocations to the priesthood—and nearly a score of young men are now in the sacerdotal state as the result of his words of encouragement—was the venerable Mgr. Francis Tichy, of Silver Lake, Minnesota, who died in July at the age of 78. One of the most illustrious of Mgr. Tichy's young priests is the Rev. Rudolph Bendas, who, after a brilliant examination, has just received from the University of Louvain the degree of Master of Sacred Theology, a rare distinction and the first that Louvain has conferred upon an American.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wurzer, of Carroll, Iowa, have given six daughters to the Franciscan Order. The youngest made her profession in July at LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

—The Catholic parish at Mine Creek, South Carolina, is unique in this that it is composed of 110 members of the Rogers family. The parochial school, which has an enrolment of forty pupils, is taught by the Sisters of Mercy. "Uncle Billy" Rogers, the patriarch of this family parish, who is in his ninety-fifth year, is still active and plays the fiddle whenever occasion demands. Mr. Rogers is a convert of recent years, whereas his wife, who is past eighty, became a Catholic forty-five years ago. Her conversion was brought about, at least in part, by the edifying example of Jerry Donovan, a stone mason from New York. Mrs. Rogers reared her ten children in the Faith. The little parish church, erected forty years ago, is due partly to the efforts of Mr. Donovan.

—Archbishop Curley, of Baltimore, who went to Rome in July, made use of the opportunity to pay his annual visit to his mother who lives near Athlone in Ireland. Mrs. Curley is in her ninetieth year.

—The Josephite Fathers, of Baltimore, who labor among the Negroes of the South, have built a new preparatory seminary at Newburgh on the Hudson in New York which will accommodate 135 students. A new theological seminary will be built by the Society at the Catholic University for the training of its young men in theology.

—Mr. Lo Pa Hong, called the "Rockefeller of China," who passed through the United States in July on his way to Rome, is a real apostle. During the past year this good man baptized 7,000 pagans, of whom the most were on their deathbeds. He has established three hospitals; he supports from 2,500 to 3,000, largely out of

his own funds; he visits the Shanghai jails and takes the sick prisoners in their chains to the Catholic hospital to be restored to health; every Sunday he teaches catechism to Chinese children—in this work he has 300 Catholic Chinese men to help him. This truly great man is a daily communicant. Rome has conferred two distinctions upon him: Knight Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester, and Knight of the Order of St. Gregory.

—The late Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec and Primate of Canada, who died at the age of 85 on July 19th, was the son of a poor farmer. Having completed his theological studies at Rome, Dr. Begin was ordained there in 1865. Returning to Quebec, he taught in the Laval University until 1888, when he was consecrated Bishop of Chicoutimi. Having been promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Quebec in 1898, he was designated Cardinal-Priest in 1914. The late Cardinal was the author of a number of books.

—In memory of the seventy-fifth anniversary—the diamond jubilee—of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, *The Catholic Bulletin*, of St. Paul, got out its edition of August 1st in three sections, fifty-two pages in all.

—The *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, a quarterly now in its forty-first year, which is devoted to the cause of the first American martyrs, who were beatified on June 21st, is soon to become a monthly. The scope of the magazine will be increased to include Jesuit American missionary activity.

—The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is the name of a new international society of Catholic lay women that has just been founded at Washington. All the members of the Society shall be trained specialists—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, etc., before they are eligible to membership. Although the members of the Society will lead a community life, they will not be bound by the vows of religion, but by a pledge of three years' service. At the end of three years they are free either to renew their pledge or to leave the Society. The field of this new Society will be all territory in which there are foreign missions. Dr. Anna Dengel is the founder of the Society and its provisional head.

—"Chemistry in Relation to the Home" is the title of an essay that won for Miss Marion Honke, a graduate of St. Angela's Academy, Carroll, Iowa, a \$5,000 scholarship at Vassar. Miss Honke is one of six winners in the nation-wide competition. The Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration were her teachers. This victory is only one of the numerous proofs of the "inefficiency" of our Catholic schools. But, as *The Record*, (Louisville, Ky.), warns, "no Catholic school should award, and no Catholic mother should allow her daughter to receive, a scholarship to Vassar College."

—Among those who won the A. B. degree at Loyola University, New Orleans, was Sister Mary of St. Cyprian, a Marianite of the Holy Cross, who is seventy years of age.

—Carl Fay, now in his forty-ninth year, who has been blind since he was twelve, recently told his life story to the *Baltimore Catholic Review*. Despite his

blindness, Mr. Fay is a noted pedestrian. Twice has he walked to the Pacific Coast, and thirteen times to Canada. Since his conversion to the Faith about ten years ago, Mr. Fay has brought fifty-one persons into the Church. He recommends that Catholics send their children to the Catholic parochial school, that they read Catholic papers and magazines, and then remail this Catholic literature to non-Catholics.—Many a convert can trace back the beginning of his conversion to the chance reading of a Catholic paper, magazine, or book. All Catholics have an opportunity to become missionaries by spreading Catholic literature.

—Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., LL. D., of Notre Dame, Indiana, for thirty-five years associate editor of the *Ave Maria*, died of cancer of the throat on August 1st. Father O'Neill, whose pen was always active, was known as the poet priest of Notre Dame. He was a devout son of Mary in whose honor he had written numerous poems, of which many have never been published. Moreover, he was the author of several books for the clergy, he wrote stories, and was a constant contributor to the *Ave Maria*. Father O'Neill was a friend of *THE GRAIL*, to which he sent an occasional contribution, the most notable of which, no doubt, was his sonnet, "The Grail," which he wrote for the initial number of our little paper, and which we reproduce elsewhere in this issue.

EUCCHARISTIC

—Among those who were beatified recently was the Blessed Mother Sacramento, who founded an order of Sisters, the "Slaves of the Blessed Sacrament, or Religious of Perpetual Adoration," who should adore the Blessed Sacrament and labor for the redemption of fallen women. Born in Madrid of noble Spanish parentage in 1809, Mother Sacramento died at Valencia in 1865 of cholera, contracted from those she was nursing. On the day of the beatification more than 40,000 persons in Valencia received Holy Communion.

—The French National Eucharistic Congress was held towards the end of July at Rennes, the capital of Catholic Brittany. On the principal public squares magnificent repositories had been prepared. One of these repositories, made of flowers, resembled an immense monstrelance more than eight meters high. In attendance at the Congress there were three Cardinals, 25 Archbishops and Bishops, thirty other prelates, including mitred abbots, besides nearly 3,000 priests. Special trains brought in from outside cities some 12,000 little boys and girls, who were dressed as altar boys, angels, and pages. The grand procession on the last day moved through the main thoroughfares. More than 60,000 took part. Before Benediction was given the noted preacher of Notre Dame, F. Janvier, O. P., a native of Rennes, made an address that was broadcast through loud speakers.

—The Rt. Rev. James A. Griffin, Bishop of Springfield, Illinois, comparing the pilgrimages of ancient times with those going to Rome this year, says: "Pilgrimages of olden days entailed labor and sacrifice, with an element of danger. The undertaking was made

with deep faith and loyalty towards the successor of St. Peter. Today there is no labor and little danger. As far as the faith and loyalty is concerned, that is still manifest. Masses, daily Communions, rosaries aboard ship, make the Eucharistic Christ our Fellow Passenger, as of yore with His apostles in St. Peter's barque."

—Chicago is making plans for a monster demonstration at the International Eucharistic Congress, which is to be held there next year. The same city was the scene of the greatest of world's fairs, the Columbian Exposition, which took place in 1893.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

FRANCE:—The Benedictines of Farnborough Abbey, England, have just given us a literal French translation of "The Rule of St. Benedict" (obtainable from L'Art Catholique, 6 St. Sulpice, Paris VI, 8 frs. 50). It consists of 222 pages with an illustration from a splendid fresco of the Saint. Bossuet said of the Holy Rule: "It is the marrow of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all the doctrines of the Gospels, the Institutions of the Holy Fathers and the counsels of perfection." A volume calling forth such praise, indeed, ought never cease to be periodically issued, as is the case with our Holy Rule. Although the French in the present volume is literal, the Latin is that of the critical edition of Abbot Butler. His edition (Herder, 1912) is by far the best. The Farnborough edition contains an important analytic table completing the translation. In that respect it is superior to the text we have had heretofore, namely, that of Dom G. Millet (d. 1647) of St. Denis Royal Abbey near Paris.

As an efficient answer to the scurrilous speech of the Freemason, François Albert, the religious of France have formed a league, "The Rights of Ancient Religious Combatants," which should strike additional fear and trembling into this affable "guardian of his country." It is paradoxical how France, a nation ever to the front in its missionary labors, ardently zealous for the Negro, the Chinaman, the African, even the Eskimo, should have submitted so long a time to a handful of sectaries at home. The religious league, coupled with the determined efforts of the hierarchy and the vast body of the lay folk, led by the able General Castelnau, have brought Catholicism into its own and made the country again "La Belle France."

A book teeming with thought, actuality, interest, and grounded on tradition is such a one as has been given us by Dom Julius Simon, O. S. B. The author of "Le Prêtre and l'Apostolat Moderne" (A. Mame, Paris, 16^e, 126 pp.) had been a secular priest before assuming the Benedictine habit at Solesmes. In the first part he treats of the priest in the rôle assigned him by theology. Part Two shows us how the modern occupations of the ministry can be efficiently and piously executed. The groundwork and support are the Bible and the examples and utterances of the saints. The author confesses that, at times, he is rather doubtful whether the diverse

occupations pursued by the clergy of the present day are in entire accord with the ideal sacerdotal state, but he concludes his work by agreeing that all tends to the same sublime end—the salvation of the individual soul and the glory of God.

Miss J. Adrien is accomplishing in France what Mrs. J. Ward is doing in New York for the apostolate of the Gregorian cantilena. The former's "Essay on Gregorian Chironomy in accordance with the Principles of Solesmes" (Dossin-Marie, Longwy, France, 4 frs.) is a work which treats on the indication of the Gregorian rhythm by the help of slowly waving the hand. Such a written figuration reproduces exactly the melodic, rhythmic, and intensive march of the cantilena. The seventeen examples of chant given are very practical. These are more developed than the examples given in the excellent methods of Dom Suñol of Montserrat Abbey, Spain, or Dom L. David of Reray Abbey, near Moulins, France. Miss Adrien's essay is written in the universal language, music, and besides the rhythmical signs, the chironomical ones touch the exact note where the impulsion of the rhythm starts and falls. We are proud to number Miss Adrien among our numerous Benedictine Oblates and are glad that her interest, piety, and enthusiasm prompt her to exhibit her love for things Benedictine from time to time. It was in 1922 that she published her interesting impressions of Quarr Abbey, the great home of Gregorian Chant.

Saint Denis Abbey holds an ever-entrancing pleasure for the tourists and for the "re-tourist." The "St. Denis" by Canon Roquetaillade, rector of the basilica is rather a guide than a real story of St. Denis Abbey. It is published by Letouzey, Paris, (1924, 143 pp. 5 photographs, 10 francs. With all due respect to the thorough research and the capable exposition of the author we think, personally that Dom Felibien's work on the subject is still the best. The royal basilica was founded by King Dagobert in 636 and the monks, 130 in number, occupied the bays of three joists. It was reconstructed many times. The basilica, built by the famous Abbot Suger in 1140, was the fourth reconstruction. Certain portions of this basilica, reinforced under Abbot Vendôme in 1240, are existing today. "In the Middle Ages," wrote Chateaubriand, "St. Denys, by reason of its religious fame, was more widely known than Paris itself." The basilica contained the sepulchral monuments of 28 kings, 18 queens, and 54 princes of the Bourbon dynasty. All were profaned in the expulsion of October, 1793. The Maurists occupied St. Denis in 1663 and reconstructed their minster from 1701 to 1786. Dom Verneuil, the last Prior, left this magnificent abode with his 50 Maurists in 1792. Napoleon I, in 1806, arranged the royal abbey as a school of instruction for the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor and thus it serves today. During the late war the abbey gave hospitality to thousands of wounded soldiers and served as ambulance headquarters to the American Red Cross where many of our own "boys" were cared for. One who visits St. Denis Abbey, and that privilege is given only by the Head-

quarters of the Legion of Honor in Paris, will form a good idea how the Maurist Benedictines constructed all their monasteries, for the same monastic plans were used everywhere.

How to Care for the Eyes

CARE of the eyes should begin at birth and they should be examined at periodic intervals throughout life. Hygiene of the eye consists in proper protection of the eye from infections; the use of proper lighting conditions, and the periodic and systematic examinations of the eyes by physicians who have made the eye their specialty.

A drop of a solution of silver nitrate, two grains to the ounce, should be instilled in each eye of the newborn child in order to prevent infection, and during the first few weeks of life the eyes should be cleansed at least once a day with a saturated solution of boric acid.

When the child is old enough to understand, it should be taught not to rub its eyes with its hands, because infections are often induced in this manner. An individual towel should be provided for the child. Abnormalities, such as crossed eyes, should be examined at once.

The vision should be tested by an oculist when the child starts to school, and if found defective, glasses should be supplied. Defective vision impedes education, affects the general health of the child and prevents proper development of the body. Near-sighted children lean forward over their desks thus preventing the proper expansion of the lungs which may predispose tuberculosis. Children who have certain forms of poor vision turn their heads slightly to one side in order to see clearly, and may develop a posture in which one shoulder is higher than the other, and the head is held to one side.

If eye strain continues for any length of time, symptoms such as a tired feeling in the eyes, blurring of objects and pain in the eyes and headache develop. Usually proper corrective lenses will relieve the symptoms.

During the school age, special care should be taken so that the child does not contract contagious diseases of the eyes such as trachoma. It must be taught not to touch the eyes, unless the hands have first been washed. It must be taught to avoid the common towel or wash basin and not to go in swimming pools where the water is not perfectly pure. If cases of sore eyes are discovered in schools, they should be sent to a physician for diagnosis and if found contagious, the children should be prohibited from attending school until cured. If a child comes in contact with other children whose eyes are infected its eyes should be washed with a saturated solution of boric acid.

Adults who use their eyes a great deal, such as clerks and teachers, should have their eyes examined at least once every two years. Very often such examinations reveal conditions related to the general health, such as high blood pressure and Bright's disease.

In people under forty-five such an examination can best be made by the use of a drug which dilates the pupil and permits a better examination to be made.

Persons reaching middle age often notice that it is easier to read when the printed matter is held at arm's length. That is simply a normal condition and should be no cause for alarm, and is due to the diminished elasticity of that part of the eye having to do with what is called "accommodation."

Proper lighting is very important in the hygiene of the eyes. In working by daylight, one should not face the bright sun. It is preferable that the light should come from behind the left shoulder in such way that no shadows are cast on the work. For writing it is best that a dull mat-finished paper be used because glossy paper may reflect the light in the eyes and cause a glare.

When working under artificial illumination, the source of light should be out of the line of vision. It should be of low brilliancy and not too near the eye. The illumination should be even and adequate. For reading, there should be at least eight "foot candles" on the working plane. A "foot candle" is the intensity of the light of the standard candle at the distance of one foot. The best lighting in reading rooms is the indirect system. The walls of the rooms should be a light buff color, so as to rest the eyes. Table lights should be shaded so the light is thrown on the work and not into the eyes.

Among many erroneous ideas which people have about their eyes, a common one is that they can see very well when in reality their vision is not up to standard. They base their opinion on the fact that they can see objects at a long distance, but this is of no value because the person has no means of comparing his vision with the normal vision. It is only by the means of standard graduated charts that vision may be graded properly. Another common fallacy is that a man wearing glasses believes he must keep them on. It is not a matter of necessity so much as it is that vision without them no longer is satisfactory.

Failing vision as a person advances beyond middle life is sometimes caused by beginning cataract. Cataract is a term often misunderstood. Many suppose it is a white film which forms in front of the eye. As a matter of fact this film is not in front of the eye, but only in the space occupied by the pupil, and is caused by the crystalline lens of the eye becoming opaque. The cataract of old age comes on very gradually and in its early stages can only be diagnosed by an examination of the interior of the eye. It is only when the cataract is very far advanced, that the pupil becomes white and then it usually can be removed and vision restored.—Bulletin of Indiana State Medical Association.

Alas and Alack!

(Continued from page 196)

more than deserving of blame. It was especially women tourists in khaki trousers or knickers strolling through

the Cathedral as they would "penetrate the wilds of Canada" that called forth the threat.

But it is not only in church circles that we hear discussed the topic of dress, or rather, lack of it. One of the most stinging rebukes that has fallen under our notice was that administered to a class that was graduating this summer from a university in the State of Georgia.

One-Hundred-Per-Cent Proof

Patriotism, love of country, is a virtue that is instilled into every man from the cradle. It is in the heart, but it is not boisterous; it manifests itself in deeds rather than in words. We have no sympathy to waste on those who proclaim their patriotism along highways and byways and shout it from the house tops, for their deeds generally belie their tongues. Instead of being 100 per cent American, as they would have the world believe, there is more often, as has been so aptly said, scarcely one per cent in 100 of them. With these loud-mouthed patriots there always lurks a suspicion that they are not sincere. It is the man who lives his patriotism that we respect.

During the past few years a certain class of "patriots," or "hundred-per-centers," as they call themselves, have been prating much about "Americanism." In a speech that he delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on June 17th, former Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, gave utterance to these significant words: "True patriotism is of the spirit, not of any race or strain. The bigoted citizen, however, boastful of long American descent, who would deny political privilege to his fellow citizens because of race or creed, is exhibiting not his Americanism, but his lack of it."

The Silent Partner

(Continued from page 204)

As Mrs. Bradford noted and marvelled at the perfect understanding between the father and his crippled son, she thought of the time, twenty years before, when physicians had assured them that their child would never be to them anything but a burden and a care. Instead he was their greatest blessing, his father's silent partner.

En Garde!

KATE AYERS ROBERT

My life is like the autumn woods
When trees and lanes are bare,
Swept clean by blasts of sorrow keen
With memories everywhere.

I cling to the chilling silence
But watch for a signal light
To say that Love remembers,
Perhaps it will come to night.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—September days are sunny, September days are funny, September days are here; September days are cheery, September may be dreary, but we need have no fear.

We are glad that school has begun once more. After the long vacation, when we have been permitted to roam hither and thither at will, we are happy to be back in the schoolroom with a regular routine of lessons. We hope that this year will be one of triumph for each one of the Boys and Girls, a year of triumph over difficult lessons and a year of triumph over sin, so that the close of school will find each stronger to combat temptations and be victorious in the sight of God.

St. Rose of Lima

St. Rose was an American saint. She was born in 1586 in Lima, the capital of Peru, in South America. Her parents, who were very good people, were in moderate circumstances.

When Rose was but a little girl, she liked to go to church and pray. She did not care to go to parties or to have company. Like many mothers of our time her mother wished her to dress fashionably, to attend parties, and stand high in social circles, and to marry well. St. Rose had no wish to do these things; but when she was twenty years of age she joined the Order of St. Dominic. Then began for her a life of penance and suffering. At night she took her rest on broken stones and chips, with a large stone for a pillow. She scourged her body until it was all wounded and sore. She spent much time in prayer. After a holy life she died in 1617, at the age of 31. Pope Clement X canonized her.

A lesson that we may learn from St. Rose is that even at the expense of bodily comforts, we can do much for the greater honor and glory of God.

Pioneer Stories

When Grandma Wheeler moved from Wisconsin to Nebraska, she did not travel to the new home in an auto but she made the greater part of the trip in a covered wagon. The last part of the journey she rode on the train. The new home to which she came was a little shanty on the Blue River in Nebraska not so far from Lincoln. Near Grandma Wheeler's home was a camp of 500 Indians and you better believe that she spent many anxious days and nights there with her two little girls while Grandpa Wheeler was working thirty miles away. She had heard many stories of unfriendly Indians and she knew that often they invaded the homes of the white settlers, whom they did not like any too well.

One day, and it was Saturday, Grandma Wheeler was expecting Grandpa Wheeler home from his work. He had been gone all week. While he was away she kept the curtains pulled down and the door locked. On this Saturday, Grandpa Wheeler thought she would cook something extra for supper in honor of Grandpa's homecoming, and she baked beans, boiled meat and

made cookies. The little room became very warm and she opened the window to let in some fresh air. While she and her little girls were eating, she heard a noise behind her. Turning around she saw the naked body of an Indian half way through the window. He was pointing toward the table and grunting. He wanted food. She gave him one article after another until there was nothing left to eat. He sat down on the ground and ate all he could eat and then wrapped up the remaining food in his greasy blanket and went away. When he was out of sight, Grandma Wheeler, took her little girls and ran as hard as she could go for two miles to the shanty in which her sister lived.

When Grandpa Wheeler came home and found his shanty empty, he thought something had happened and he went to the sister's home where he found his family and heard the story. Since the Indian had taken all the food from the Wheeler home there was nothing there to eat and Grandma Wheeler's sister divided with her.

That was almost the worst scare that Grandma Wheeler ever had but not quite. As there was no well near his house, Grandpa Wheeler always hauled a barrel of water from the Blue River for his family to use during his absence. This water became quite warm during the week, and one day Grandma Wheeler thought she would go to the river with a pail for fresher water to drink. She left her little girls sleeping on the bed. Thinking that the water near the bank was warmer than that farther out, Grandma waded into the stream and was caught in the current and swept off her feet. She thought of her little girls at home and began to fight for life and she prayed to be saved. Struggling and praying, she conquered at last, and when she reached dry land she ran every step of the way home, for she had been gone so long she feared that something might have happened to her little ones. You may be sure that after that she was satisfied to take the water near the shore.

One other time in those early days Grandma Wheeler was frightened, too. She kept her flour in a sack hanging up in the pantry. One day she thought she would go to her sister's to return a small quantity of flour which she had borrowed. As she took down the sack, she noticed that there was a hole in it, and thinking that a mouse must have gnawed its way in, she opened the sack, and to her horror she saw—not a mouse but—a rattlesnake! Screaming at the top of her voice, she ran with the sack into the yard. Grandpa Wheeler was working close by and came running to see what had happened. He took the sack and holding it upside down poured the flour into a pail. The rattlesnake went around and around the pail in an attempt to get out, but Grandpa Wheeler had a pitchfork and the life of the rattler was soon ended.

Now Grandma Wheeler lives in a pretty house surrounded with comforts and she often tells to her grandchildren the stories of her experiences when she was pioneering in Nebraska. *

"Whatever you say and whatever you do,
Your Father in Heaven is watchful of you."

"The Little Flower"

The anniversary of the death, or the feast, of another saint, one who was canonized only four months ago, St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus and of the Holy Face, whom you all know as "The Little Flower," occurs on September 30th. This dear saint was a sweet and lovely child. Her life on earth was short but beautiful. Like all other saints she loved God very much. She promised that after death she would spend her heaven in doing good—and she is most faithful in keeping her promise. The favors that she is continually giving are the showers of roses that she promised to drop from heaven. Have you read of the many wonders that she is doing all the time? Maybe you have received some of these roses too. Many are cured by her from diseases, which doctors cannot cure; many sinners owe their conversion to her powerful intercession; many are helped by her in their studies and examinations. All kinds of favors and graces are obtained from her. Yes, she is surely keeping her promise of spending her heaven in doing good on earth.

At the age of twenty-four her short life came to an end. She had spent some eight or nine years in the convent at Lisieux, France, as a Carmelite nun. By the way, do you know that the brown scapular of the Blessed Virgin that you wear is a part of the habit worn by the Carmelites—the holy habit that "The Little Flower" wore. The scapular, as part of the habit worn by various orders of religious, is a long loose garment thrown over the habit. It reaches from shoulder to shoulder and hangs down front and back to the feet of the wearer. Thus you will see that your scapular is but an extremely small part of the Mt. Carmel habit. But to return to our narrative.

Twenty-eight years ago, on September 30th, 1897, Teresa of the Infant Jesus and of the Holy Face, "The Little Flower," was transplanted by the heavenly gardener from the nurseries of earth into the beautiful gardens of heaven. Several of her elder sisters are still living in the convent at Lisieux.

It is usually the day of the death of a saint that is celebrated as the feast day. It is the day of death that opens heaven to the saint. The day of death, then, is the beginning of a happy eternity.

Everyday life brings with it many occasions for little sacrifices and mortifications. Mother wants you to run to the grocery, or to perform some other errand, and you were just going out to play; or little brother requires your services for a moment or two. Your first impulse may be to answer with saucy words and pout a little. Many children will murmur and complain when they meet with these and similar trials, which after all are very small and don't amount to a row of pins. Do you suppose that "The Little Flower" had no trials when she was a child? Just listen to the firm resolutions that she made and then answer for yourselves. "I will let no tiny sacrifice pass, no look, no word; I wish to profit by the smallest actions and

do them out of love" for God. Maybe it was easy for her to be so perfect, because she was a saint. Don't be too sure about it. She worked hard to overcome herself, and she succeeded.

Sacrifices, penances, and mortifications are absolutely necessary if we wish to become saints—and we must be saints to enter heaven. "The Little Flower" understood this well. She knew how to turn to good account all the little mortifications that came her way. For instance, she made it a point always to break her own will, which requires considerable mortification, don't you think so? Furthermore, she took care never to answer back impatiently, as so many other girls and boys do; then, she made it a point to do little acts of kindness to those around her. It is the doing of little things perfectly that counts. That, together with fervent prayer, makes saints. By doing little things well, that is, out of love for God, practicing charity, and obedience, and not neglecting our prayers and other good works, we shall become saints.—Read the life of "The Little Flower," try to follow her "little way." Ask her for guidance. She is probably the greatest wonder worker of our time.

"I Will"

Morale has been defined as the exercise of will power with confidence in one's ability to achieve the objective aimed at.

The self-confidence causes its possessor to have recourse to all his available energy, which means that he will tap resources within himself he would otherwise never use.

When a man says: "I will try," instead of "I will," he is generally persuaded that he will fail.

Consequently he only half tries, and he does fail. Whereas when a man says "I will," and is confident that he can, he puts into his efforts everything he has, with the result that he invariably succeeds.—O'K Service.

St. Peter and the Altar Boy

Charles was a bright, clever boy; at school he was never punished, except occasionally for talking and



READY FOR THE RACE

laughing. Whenever there was anything to be committed to memory, especially when it related to religion, he could recite it like the Our Father. The kind pastor, therefore, permitted him to serve Mass just as soon as he could read the necessary prayers, and those which a well-behaved altar boy should say before and after Mass, at the offertory, elevation, and communion. Although Charles lived more than half a mile from church, he was seldom late for services; even in winter when it snowed and stormed and he had to wade knee-deep through the snowdrifts, he never failed to take his place at the altar. "God will some day give you a great reward in Heaven for punctuality and zeal," the priest once said to him, and of this great reward Charles often thought and often dreamed.

One night it seemed to him that, robed in his red cassock and white surplice, he stood at the gate of heaven and rang the bell. St. Peter came with his bunch of keys and kindly asked him what he wanted. "I want to come in," the boy answered confidently, "don't you know me? I am an altar boy; I have already served more than a thousand Masses; you will surely let me in?"

"I'll see," said St. Peter, seriously, "what is in the gilded bag containing your good works. You acolytes usually have so many holes in your bags that all your good works fall through, and you imagine you heap up treasures of merits, while you never stop to think how easily they fall through the holes and the devil gathers them up." St. Peter then carefully inspected the gilded bag, examined each fold, and showed it to the disappointed boy. Poor little Charles turned pale with fright. Scarcely twenty Masses remained; all had fallen through the many holes. Now, St. Peter draws forth a memorandum book containing all the faults and failings of the boy, and displays it before him, page after page. There stood columns of figures which indicated all the repented faults and hours of atonement in purgatory.

"Guilty of vanity, guilty of quarreling; one hundred and forty times you selected for yourself the better surplice and gave the poorer to the other boy; fifty times you quarreled about this; two hundred times you wished to be the senior at serving, although the pastor had ordered you to change with your companion. On feast days and other occasions, when there were many people at church, two hundred and thirty times you thought, 'What do people think of me when I serve so well; how much better I do than the other boys, how well I look in my pretty red cassock.' When two of you served, you so often wanted to pour out the wine and never the water; each time you took the better bell for yourself. See here the number of times. At High Masses you quarreled twenty times because you wished to carry the censor and not the incense boat, when the priest reproved you, you blamed the others; twice you quarreled as you wanted to serve when a strange priest, who usually gave you spending money, was to say Mass; twenty times you served only for this reward; four times you looked about needlessly and thereby scandalized three hundred children; seventy times you recited the confiteor carelessly and hurriedly, though you were surrounded by more than a thousand angels; once you were inattentive during the elevation, fifty times during Communion; seven hundred times you genuflected hastily and irreverently.

"For the twenty Masses which you served devoutly, you will receive twenty degrees of glory in Heaven; of the other nine hundred and eighty Masses there remains much good which, added to the first, increases your glory thirty degrees. Oh! had you served at all the thousand Masses without vanity, never disputed nor quarreled, chosen the poorer garment for yourself, performed the lower service, given others the preference,

never sought the esteem of the people, served purely out of love for your Divine Saviour, humbly received reprimands, O Charles, your glory would exceed that of yonder angel, that of the king who today entered heaven after two hundred years of purgatory. Now comes the penance. For each Mass you have served badly, you must suffer an hour in purgatory, as well as for each of your other unrepented and unconfessed faults."

Thus spoke St. Peter. At this moment Charles saw beneath the flames of purgatory, many times higher than the church steeple. In the midst of flames he saw a place prepared for himself. Already the flames touch his clothes—when suddenly he awakens from his woeful dream.

Charles is now a changed altar boy, affable and devout, guards himself against vanity, is resigned when others are given preference, conducts himself like an angel at the altar, neither does he forget to confess his sins nor does he make light of them. No longer, therefore, does he treasure up merits in a bag full of holes. —*St. Peter's Messenger.*

Letter Box

(All communications for the Letter Box should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Now that school has begun once more, let the letters come our way. It is fine to think that so many have gained friends through "The Corner," and it is hardly fair to the "Corner" to be cut off the list of your correspondents is it? Please do not forget the "Corner" with the Letter Box in it. Write a letter describing any interesting events that you have seen or heard about. Tell a pioneer story for us. What have you heard about Indian stories of early days, hardships, and narrow escapes? Did you ever travel in a covered wagon? Do you know someone who did? Tell about it. Did your grandfather or your greatgrandfather shoot a deer, or a panther, or a lion, or a bear? Tell about it. Did your grandparents come from some foreign country? Tell about the journey.

Please wake up, Boys and Girls! Do a little scouting around for incidents to tell the Cornerites about. Besides helping to build up the "Corner" you will be improving your literary ability. Do you know that newspapers and magazines pay good money for just such incidents as I am asking you to relate? Get out and ask people to tell you stories of early days or experiences of more recent years. I shall expect a big, big bunch of letters all the rest of the year, and I want you to "pep up" and "deliver the goods" without anymore exhortation on my part. I cannot make a success of this "Corner" without help. If you are not willing to meet me halfway, I might just as well stop now. Try just once and see if you can't make me say "enough."

AUNT AGNES.

John W. Jos. Connell, who is eight years of age, lives at 2434 N. 18th St., Phieada, Pa. He writes the following interesting letter:

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Mother has been reading the stories in "The Grail" to me for a long time; now I have made my First Communion and been confirmed and have received Our Lord five times. Mother thinks that I can try to read the "Children's Corner" to my brother Daniel, who is five years old.

I attend Our Lady of Mercy School. The Sisters of St. Joseph are our teachers. My sister gave me a medal on a wooden easel, Sancta Familis. I have placed it on the altar in my bedrom. Tell me what this means in English.

My two patron saints are St. Joseph and St. John. I was baptized John and I took Joseph in confirmation.

I have one more Sunday in this month and I am going to offer my Communion up to the Sacred Heart that I may be placed in the third grade. Mother said if I receive Holy Communion each week during vacation my prayers will be answered.

I am going to get some new candidates for your "Corner" from the East. I would like to see my letter in print and I want to surprise mother when she receives the issue of "The Grail" and turns to the "Children's Corner" and finds my letter.

Your Nephew,
John W. Jos. Connell.

(The Editor wonders whether you copied these words correctly, John. If it were "Sancta Familia," it would mean "Holy Family." We are not acquainted with the name or word "Famillis."—Editor.)

Someone has sent us the "guesses" that follow. You are to join a final letter or an end syllable to the first syllable or letter of the following word. The result will in each sentence be the name of a city in the United States.

1. I bought a stamp at the post office.
 2. The garden, verdant in early spring, is a pleasing sight.
 3. She did all, as her sister was sick at the time.
 4. I hope, or I at least try to hope, that better times will come.
 5. Otto led our branch of the procession.
- Answers: 1. Tampa; 2. Denver; 3. Dallas; 4. Peoria; 5. Toledo.

Here is another stunner. Insert a certain consonant as many times as necessary into the group of letters that follow and you will have a complete sentence: Heeache-roldomnyuckeroieheiger'sailohereee.

Jumbled names of boys: 1. Tesrech; 2. Manher; 3. Racridh; 4. Thenken; 5. Wertal; 6. Manorn.

Can you prove that half a dozen and half a score make just twenty and not one more? If you can, send us the proof.

Margaret Mary Hettig, who lives in sunny California, at 194 Buckingham Road, Los Angeles, informs us that she is eleven years old, that she attends St. Paul's school, and that she is in the sixth grade. Sisters of the Holy Cross are in charge; her teacher's name is Sister Albina.

"I have often read 'The Grail,'" she continues, "and I wish I could join your 'Corner,' for it is very interesting."

Margaret Mary has three brothers and two sisters, she also has a little niece that is a year old. Not only does she wish to see her letter in print, but she has also another desire, with which she closes her letter—"Please, will some of the 'Cornerites' write to me?" Who will oblige her?

From Los Angeles we skip over to Springfield, Ill., to 1113 E. Monroe St., where Cecilia McGrath lives. Cecilia tells that as a result of her letter of more than a year ago she has a few delightful correspondents.

"I am sending a few puzzles. Which, I trust, Aunt Agnes will see fit to print.—In my former letter I promised to tell you something of my home town. Springfield, as everyone knows, is the capital of Illinois. The inhabitants number about 60,000. This city is noted chiefly for its being the home of the great Abraham

Lincoln. The monument erected in his honor, his home, and the corner where he made his farewell speech before taking his office are all points of interest to tourists. We have some large buildings such as the State House, Centennial Building, and the two Academies. I attend the Sacred Heart Academy, and shall be in the Sophomore class when school begins in September. I am fifteen years old."

Does Cecilia and the rest of the "Cornerites" know that the home of "The Grail" is just a few miles from Abraham Lincoln's home in Spencer County, Indiana, when he was a boy and young man. A marble slab marks the place where the log cabin stood, at what is now called Lincoln City, a junction on the Southern Railroad. There is where his good mother, Nancy Hanks, died. She is buried on the top of a little hill right near by. The grave is in a wooded park that is kept up by the State of Indiana. A few miles distant a sister of the Emancipator lies in the churchyard.—Editor.

Margaret Kelly writes from Mactier, Ontario, Canada, saying that she would like to hear from one of the girls in England." Several jokes and puzzles are enclosed. Here are two samples: What has four legs but only one foot? (A bed.)

Mother (teaching a-b-c's)—"Now, dear, what comes after 'G'?"
Tommy—"Whiz."

St. Mary's School, Princethorpe nr. Rugby, England.
Dear Aunt Agnes:

I should very much like to be admitted into the Children's Corner of "The Grail." Perhaps you have seen my letter to the editor, it was published in the May number. It was the first he had received from England.

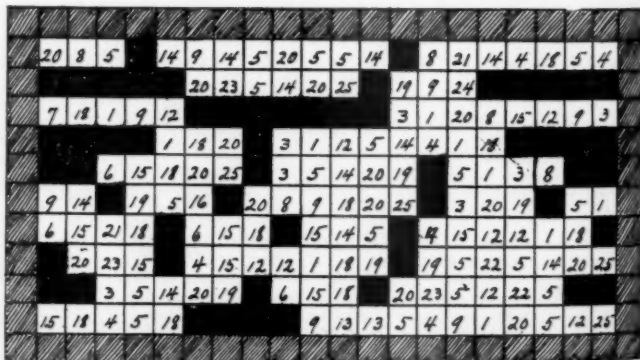
I am the only girl in my family but I have two brothers. I am fourteen, and one of my brothers is five, and the other is two.

One of my companions had two letters from your nieces in Iowa this morning, and this has made me long for a letter. I wish one of the Cornerites about my own age would correspond with me.

With best wishes from your loving niece,
Vida Sargent.

"FREE" If you will solve this puzzle and mail us your results together with \$1.00 for 4 Calendars we will give you one additional calendar "FREE".

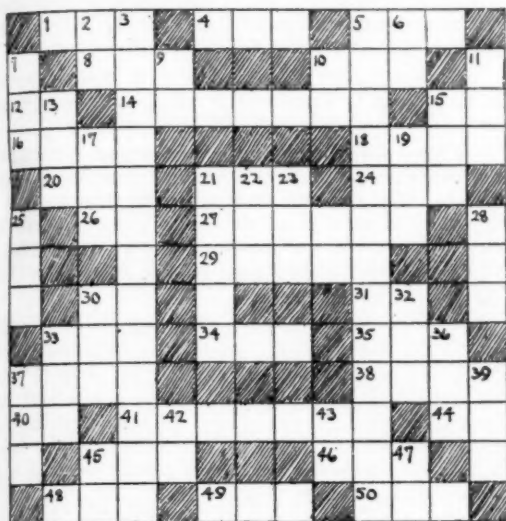
To solve puzzle use letter of the alphabet corresponding to the numerical order. e. g. Letter "A" is No. 1; "B" is No. 2; "Z" is 26 etc.



The Best Song

That song is sweetest, bravest, best,
Which plucks the thistle barb of care
From a despondent brother's breast,
And plants a sprig of heart's-ease there.
—Exchange.

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 8



Horizontal

- 1—Shortened form of Florence (girl's name)
- 4—To chirp as a chicken
- 5—Goddess of dawn
- 8—Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (abbr.)
- 10—A hissing sound to attract attention
- 12—Editor (abbr.)
- 14—To revert or forfeit
- 15—Personal pronoun (1 pers. plur.)
- 16—Contempt shown by the fingers
- 18—A wild goat with very large horns
- 20—A shade tree
- 21—A paddle used in rowing
- 24—To cover with mats
- 26—Deputy Adjutant (abbr.)
- 27—Happening unexpectedly
- 29—One of spies sent to view promised land
- 30—For example (abbr.)
- 31—Long meter (abbr.)
- 33—Fellow of Royal Academy (abbr.)
- 34—To fill by driving
- 35—Immeasurable space of time

Vertical

- 2—Pound (abbr.)
- 3—Artificial butter made from animal fats
- 5—Worthy of regard (noun)
- 6—Old Testament (abbr.)
- 7—Reference (abbr.)
- 9—Plural ending for nouns
- 10—Pennsylvania (abbr.)
- 11—To annoy
- 13—Singular of dice
- 15—Containing water
- 17—Cleared (abbr.)
- 19—Balance (abbr.)
- 21—To take place
- 22—Utterance of a child (see Jer. 1:6)
- 23—Royal Society of London (abbr.)
- 25—To go about idly
- 28—To have a short sleep
- 30—Before
- 32—Sound made by a cow
- 33—A marsh
- 36—Opposed to old
- 37—The front of an army
- 39—A boy
- 42—A prefix meaning again
- 43—Master of Arts
- 45—Correlative to either
- 47—Kings (abbr.)

- 37—To turn
- 38—A Christmas Carol
- 40—Indefinite article
- 41—Wearisome
- 44—West Africa (abbr.)
- 45—A unit
- 46—To question
- 48—Oregon (abbr.)
- 49—To remove superfluous parts
- 50—To drink in small quantities



Solution to August Cross-Word Puzzle



No End of Fools

P. K.

A king of old a jester had
Who served him long and well;
For by his witty words and jests
All gloom he could dispel.

A prize "unto the greatest fool"
Was offered by the king.
The jester, as you well may guess,
Received the gift—a ring.

One day upon his bed of pain
His royal highness lay,
While at his side the jester tried
To drive his ills away.

"A journey long," the king exclaimed,
"Into an unknown land
I must now make, with naught prepared,
For Death is near at hand."

"My lord, the King, take back this ring,"
The jester made reply,
"For thee I see, indeed, to be
A greater fool than I."

The pure of heart shall see God.

"Exchange" Smiles

"Father, is a vessel a boat?"

"Yes, you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"It's a lifeboat. Now run on to bed."

"Now, sonny, would it be possible for your father to walk around the earth?" asked the superintendent who was examining the class in geography.

"No, sir," came the prompt reply.

"Why not?"

"Because he fell down and hurt his leg yesterday."

"You're an Italian?" asked the teacher who was taking down the names of her pupils on the first day of school.

"No'm."

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"And wasn't your mother born in Italy, too?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be Italian then."

"No'm. I'm Irish. I was born in Boston."

Bobbie was very fond of his toy sheep which moved about on wheels. On a visit to his uncle's ranch, where there were many live sheep, he exclaimed: "Oh, Uncle, you must have got them cheap 'cause they've lost all their wheels."

"Son, what sort of a ship is this?"

"A cruiser."

"Yeh? Where are you going?"

"For a cruise, sir."

"Who's going?"

"The crew, sir."

"What does it run by?"

"A screw, sir."

"? ? ? ? ?"

"Go ye into all the world and spread the *gossip* to all the people," is the way a little girl recited her Bible verse at Sunday School.

Abbey and Seminary

—The weather of the past summer with its heat and drouth became somewhat monotonous. Only a few light rains fell and the heat was broken by rather cool spells towards the end of May, June, and July. In various ways the summer season was exceptional.—Good weather and good roads brought us many visitors, especially on Sundays.

—The many applications received for admission to the College in the fall term, which opens on September 11th, is a healthy indication that vocations are increasing, for which God be praised. Many more priests are needed in all our mid-western dioceses.—To accommodate the increasing numbers another story has been put on top of the College, and the chapel has been enlarged by tearing out the rear wall and extending the room.

—From the far-off prairies of South Dakota Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., our veteran Indian missionary, came in July for a short visit at home and for a few days in spiritual retreat.

—Mr. Joseph Mecklenberg, foreman of the Rosenthal print shop at Cincinnati, an old friend of our institution, spent a few days of his vacation with us.

—The Abbey Press family betook itself to the woods in "gas buggies" on July 30th for its annual outing. The day was somewhat gloomy and a little rain fell. All things to the contrary notwithstanding, a most enjoyable time is reported. The mirth-loving young are not easily discouraged when there is fun in sight.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Ledvina, of Corpus Christi, Texas, was our guest for a few short hours early in August.

—Father Benno was called to Ferdinand on August 9th by the serious illness of his sister, who is Sr. Hildegarde in the Benedictine Convent at that place.

—Father Charles, Vice Rector of the College, spent several weeks in August at St. Joseph's Infirmary, at Louisville, Kentucky, under the surgeon's care.

—Father Lambert conducted the annual retreat for the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand from August 3rd to 12th. The spiritual exercises closed with the triennial vows of thirteen novices and the perpetual vows of eleven sisters. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, F. Prior celebrated the Solemn High Mass during which the professions took place.

—Writing from Muenster, Germany, under date of July 29th, Father Abbot informs us that because of fog and a rough sea the trip across the Atlantic was not very pleasant. Owing to a severe cold that he caught enroute, he was obliged to place himself for some days under the physician's care at Muenster. Rev. Father Hunkemoeller, who spent several years in the United States, lives in that city.

—The clerics of the Abbey enjoyed their annual outing as guests of Father Andrew at Maria Hill on August 18th and 19th. — The lay brothers spent a day with Father Aloysius at Siberia on the 25th.

—Rev. Louis Raedler, class of '93, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Garnavillo, Iowa, died after a short illness on August 17th.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. G. Holweck, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, St. Louis, Rev. Herman Nieters, class of '84, pastor of St. Boniface Church in the same city, and Rev. Charles van Tourenhout, Seminary '80-'82, pastor of St. Genevieve, Missouri, were among our clerical visitors in August.

Book Notices

In "Brother André," a book of 130 pages, William H. Gregory, a journalist, tells the story of St. Joseph's Oratory on the slopes of Mount Royal, near Montreal, Canada. St. Joseph's Oratory has become a place renowned for the miracles of grace and cures that take place there. Thousands of pilgrims are attracted thither each year. William J. Hirten Co., 25 Barclay St., New York, are the publishers.

"Devotion to Christ's Sacred Wounds" is a pamphlet (now in its 2nd edition—20th thousand, price 2 pence) that comes from the "Irish Messenger" (5 Great Denmark St., Dublin). The object of the pamphlet is to make known the desire Our Savior has that devotion be shown to His Sacred Wounds. He revealed His desire to a saintly lay sister of the Visitation, Sister Mary Martha Chambon, who died in 1907. The Church has placed the seal of its approval on the devotion.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Heart of Alice

ALICE HUGHES cantered gaily along the hard road between Sibley and Annatown on her little, mild-eyed mare, Pussy Willow. Now and then she spoke to the horse, who seemed to understand perfectly the things she said, although sometimes these conversations took on the character of foolish little tender nothings, spoken lispingly, as a mother speaks to her babe. Pussy Willow seemed to enjoy it, to judge by the way she threw up her slender head with its delicate, pink nostrils, and the side glances she occasionally gave her mistress. She would have liked to turn and rub her nose against Alice's arm in token of appreciation, but as the girl was seated on her back, she knew that was virtually impossible, and anyway, hadn't Alice said, "Hurry, little one, it is nearly lunch time. Aren't you hungry?"

Of course, that meant only one thing; to hustle home as fast as one's legs could go. No time to dawdle along the way, especially when one had as sweet a mistress as Pussy Willow had; one took especial pains to please such a lovely, kind mistress. Such, we are sure, were Pussy Willow's thoughts as she hurried along the way, the while Alice hummed a little tune in keeping with the rhythm of her horse's hoof beats.

Soon the familiar hedge along her own farm appeared; here and there in the meadow, beautiful, contented cattle grazed, or stood knee-deep in the pond; there, was a chicken-run a mile long, full of snowy Leghorns; now they passed the hog pen, where a number of sleek porkers frisked, or waddled or drowsed in their favorite puddles; now came the barns and silo—a group of neatly red-painted buildings; then the well-kept kitchen garden, where old Uncle Eph leisurely hoed out the weeds, his woolly locks covered by the remains of a once perfectly good straw sombrero, which he still considered too good to be discarded. Lastly, appeared the Hughes mansion, nearly a half century old, but still dazzlingly white and kept in most careful repair.

Aunt Camilla stood at the kitchen door on the lookout; no more had she spied Alice, than she hastened out as fast as her two-hundred-pound-odd would allow to meet her mistress before any one else could reach her. It was plain to be seen that she was bursting with news and wanted to be the first to announce it.

"Well, Auntie, why do you rush out in this hot sun?"

asked Alice solicitously. "You know the doctor forbade it. Do you want to be ill again?"

"Oh, laws a massy, Miss Alice, I simply had to come out and tell you and if I fell dead de nex' minute!"

"Tell me what?" Alice was curious.

"Guess who's here?"

"Oh, Auntie, I never could guess; not George Winthrop?" At the mention of the name her cheeks flushed becomingly. "Or Colonel Selig?"

"No, no; you neber could guess. Sam! Cain't yo' move dem lazy wash poles o' yourn a trifle faster? Yo' think Miss Alice stan' here waitin' all day holdin' Pussy Willa? Yes, Miss Alice; yo' neber on earth guess. I thought I better tell yer, less'n yo' faint when yo' hear it."

"Well, for heaven's sake, Auntie—please—what is it? I won't faint; don't be afraid;; I can stand a lot, really."

"Well den,—yo' Uncle Parker Hughes' done come back! Yassuh! What yo' all think ob dat?"

"Uncle Parker, whom we all gave up as dead many years ago?"

"Yassum; I tol' yo' it's news fit to faint ovah. Yass, and dat ain't all. He done bring a young, new wife along wid him." Aunt Camilla fairly bristled with the importance of her news. Not for worlds would she have allowed anyone else to be the first to announce it. Alice's hand went up to her lips. What would it mean? The farm had been willed to her by her aunt, Parker Hughes' wife, at her death two years before. Parker himself had disappeared years before and left no trace or clew of himself, so that all had given him up as dead. Now to have him pop up out of nowhere—she knew well what it would mean—a prolonged litigation—the breaking of her aunt's will—perhaps the loss of her inheritance; who knew?

Well, she soliloquized, sighing and walking toward the house, no doubt it was his by right, and she had no cause to complain; but to be turned out of the home where she had reigned supreme mistress for two years—it was not a pleasant thought. An obsequious darky opened the front door for her, and she walked leisurely into the wide, cool entrance hall, meanwhile stripping off her riding gloves. A pleasant-looking mulatto girl in black uniform and snowy cap and apron touched her arm.

"De luncheon is already served, Miss Alice; yo'

uncle and his wife wouldn't wait fo' yo'. Will yo' please to come?"

"Yes, thank you, Dinah; I might as well," replied Alice kindly, entering the dining room with uncertain feelings.

"Oh—ah, howdy Alice, my girl! Heh, heh, sprung a surprise on you didn't we? This is Estelle, my wife. How are you? Won't you have lunch with us? Come, be seated." All these words were so volubly poured out as to leave no space between for replies, so the girl just merely bowed and her polite words of welcome were not even heard. Throughout the meal, her uncle's voice predominated, interspersed here and there by little challenging arguments by his wife, a small, fair woman with brilliant blonde hair and vividly rouged cheeks and lips, whose expensively gowned person was generously adorned with jewelry. It was plain to be seen that Parker Hughes considered himself master here, as Alice was quick to see by his patronizing remarks.

"I—ah, am very grateful to you, Alice, my dear, for keeping the place in such splendid order against my return. You surely have proven yourself a great little manager. And you shall not go unrewarded—shall she, Estelle?"

"No, no; surely not," beamed Estelle in her best aunty style. "And I am sure, Parker, that she will not mind giving me her room, now that we are here. It is the most conveniently situated one in the house, and, of course, I *must* have southern exposure. I wouldn't think of taking any other bedroom but one with south windows."

"There are several bedrooms with south windows," ventured Alice, her heart falling steadily toward the soles of her shoes.

"Oh, but the others are so ill-furnished. Yours is the only one fit for human occupancy. I marvel you left the others with that tawdry, old-fashioned furniture."

"Why, I wouldn't dream of doing away with aunty's old Colonial furniture. Those hand-carved beds and corner cupboards and secretaries and highboys are worth their weight in gold today." But Estelle wrinkled her nose in distaste.

"Pshaw! Who cares for that old stuff? I notice that you preferred ivory and cane furniture and pink rugs and curtains in your own room though. Parker, you can have any room you want, but I'm going to have the one with the ivory furniture. Ugh! I'd stifle in those velvet curtained beds, and those dark rugs and funeral window hangings would give me the hysterics inside of an hour!" Uncle Parker nodded approvingly at his wife.

"She is so high-strung, you know," he explained to Alice. "Of course, you'll arrange to let Estelle have your room by this evening, won't you?"

"At once! At once, I say! She can begin taking her things out right after lunch, can't she?" Estelle's face took on the expression of a spoiled child, and her husband leaned over and indulgently patted her shoulder.

"Of course; surely. Just as you say, my dear. You

can have any other room you wish, Alice, for the few days you are still here—of course, I do not wish to hurry you. Just take as long as you like, until you have found other quarters, and made whatever other arrangements you desire. As I say, I am undyingly grateful to you for the care you have taken of my property in my absence, and I will reward you handsomely for your efficient stewardship. Just what would you consider a just settlement for your services, may I ask?" But Alice was only half listening; she had lost her appetite before the first half dozen words had been spoken upon her entrance, and now the food choked her, and she battled desperately against the tears which she knew would overpower her in another minute. She arose precipitately and excused herself.

"We will speak of it later, Uncle. I am going up—to pack. Pray excuse me." Half stumbling out of the room, she hastened into the hall and up the stairs, at the top landing of which she met Aunt Camilla, whose anxious black face was just the straw needed to break the camel's back. Falling into the kindly black woman's arms, she burst into a torrent of tears, while the old Aunt patted and comforted her as best she could.

"Now, now, honey, don't you take on so; it is a dirty, mis'able shame, but it cain't be right. Dey cain't push you out of yo' own house an' home lak dat. De nerve of him! Run away and let others run things fo' him, and den, when yo' aunt daid, come back wif another one to take her place!"

"It's no use, Aunt; I suppose he has the first right to the property. It was rather a shock to me, but I wouldn't think of staying one minute where I am not wanted. Nor have I any desire for another's property. But it will hurt me to leave you all, who have been so kind to me!" Alice dried her eyes and tried to compose herself. But Aunt Camilla's eyes began to blaze, as she took a belligerent pose.

"What! Yo' don' mean to say yore givin' up widout a squeak? Don't yo' dare give up yore room to dat blonde. Yo' don' have to; let dem show attorney's authority first befo' you go."

"Oh Aunt, I—"

"Honey, don' yo' be a fool! Ef yo' don' do nothin', I'se gwine get Judge Henley on de job. He tell yo' what to do."

"But he was Aunt Addie's husband; surely he has the first right—"

"Who tuk care of yore Aunt Addie when she was sick dat whole year? Who looked after everything like her own daughter? Den along comes a fella who neber worried about nothin' and wants to shoo yo' off. Do you'all call dat jest? I doesn't!" Alice walked in silence toward her room while Aunt Camilla delivered her opinion thus forcibly, her arms flying about like windmills in her indignation. At the door Alice stopped and placed both her hands on the black woman's arm.

"I don't want to make any unpleasantness, Aunt, so I will just do as they say until things straighten themselves out. It will all come right, I know, and if I am not supposed to have any of the property, well—I

won't have it, that's all. In the meantime I am going to move to another room, until I can find somewhere else to stay, so please send Sarah or one of the girls to help me, will you?" It was some time before Aunt Camilla could be persuaded to do as she was asked, and when at last she did go, the whites of her eyes could be seen rolling belligerently for a distance of at least ten yards, and she muttered indignantly all the way to the kitchen.

So Alice moved to her Aunt Addie's old room, made dear to her by tender associations and loving memories. True to her word, Aunt Camilla made the trip to town in Sam's rickety Ford to enlist Judge Henley on Alice's side. Alice herself would do nothing; somehow she felt that a squabble over a dead person's will was too hideously sordid for herself to ever take a hand in, and when that person happened to be her beloved Aunt Addie, it was absolutely unthinkable. But her friends thought otherwise; they took up the fight for her with the result that her wily uncle suddenly brought to light another will, purporting to leave all the property to him. But he still continued friendly on the surface to Alice, though his impatience at her residence in his house was quite plain to be seen. The girl had not yet found a place to go to, though she diligently answered ad's for positions as lady's companion and other work which she thought she would be able to do.

One morning, she awoke to the sound of loud altercations and ill language down on the drive. A woman's voice spoke first in high, injured accents, then a man's, and then—a horrid switching sound, as of someone being flogged. Hastening into her dressing gown, she went to her window. The sight she beheld sent first a cold shudder, then a hot flash through her body. There stood Estelle nursing her hand with a handkerchief, while her Uncle Parker was beating Pussy Willow mercilessly. The poor animal was writhing in agony and sending forth unearthly cries of pain, such as Alice had never heard before from a horse. The sound turned her blood to ice, and it needed but a second for her to fly down the stairs to the drive, where she arrived just in time to see Sam come running and shouting in protest, only to receive the whip lash across his black, shiny face.

"How dare you! Shame on you, Uncle, to mistreat a poor animal!" And before he could guess her intention, she had snatched the whip from his hand, broken it across her knee, and thrown it out of sight into some bushes.

"Well, I wanted to ride him, and he bit me!" cried Estelle. Pussy Willow, shivering like an aspen, huddled against her mistress and tried to hide her face under Alice's arm.

"You poor darling!" cried Alice, trembling with anger. "Don't anyone of you ever touch this horse again. She is mine! Mine! Aunt Addie gave her to me for my birthday, and—"

"Here, here, young lady," cried her uncle, his face working with passion, "we'll see who's boss around here. This horse belongs to the property, and you have

nothing more to do with him. And furthermore, you get out—at once! Did you hear? Immediately! Sam, take the nasty brute to the stable and bring my wife something she can ride." Then, as Sam's lips moved as though he would let out some of the indignation which boiled within him, Mr. Hughes gave him an unceremonious push. "Don't you open your mouth, nigger, or I'll give you what I gave the horse!" Sam walked off with Pussy Willow, rubbing the terrible welts which had risen on the animal's body, and muttering fierce invectives against his master.

Alice, broken-hearted, went straight up to her room, and stripped it of her few belongings, packed her clothing, and rang for Mandy, her maid, to tell her that she was all ready. In her purse, she had only two or three dollars, and she hardly knew where to go, but go she must. As the boys carried her luggage down the stairs, she saw her uncle pacing up and down in the library. Stifling all feelings of resentment, she went straight in to him and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Uncle; I hope you and Aunt Estelle will be very, very happy here." A trifle nonplussed, and a little uncertain what to do, he grudgingly gave her his hand and mumbled "Good-bye." When Alice had left him and was about to go out the front door, surrounded by the weeping servants, he took a few impulsive steps to the door, as if to call her back, but his heart, so long choked up by the weeds of selfishness, could not rise to such a magnanimous act, and he turned back and flung himself into an easy chair. "It is better so; good riddance," he muttered to himself.

He fancied himself very generous in allowing her the use of the limousine to carry her and her luggage to town. Alice herself, sat dry-eyed and tearless, wondering what she would do when her scant money was gone. She would have to try to find work in town—just anything, until something better offered itself. Had Aunt Camilla known the state of her pocketbook, she would have gladly placed her own bank book into the girl's hands, and felt that her hard savings could have had no better destination. But of course, Aunt Camilla couldn't have known, and Alice would rather have starved than ask anyone for anything.

So she reached Sibley, and took quarters in the cheapest hotel there. Having scoured the town that day for work, and found nothing, she accidentally overheard one of the waitresses in the dining room telling her friend that she was leaving in the morning. At once she spoke to the girl, and the latter took her to the proprietor, who gladly took her on. The wage was meager, but Alice felt herself safe for the time being. She was glad she had come to this particular hotel, since her friends never came here, and no one seemed to know her.

But a girl of Alice's stamp and breeding cannot be long in one place without creating an atmosphere and world of her own. It was not long before the hotel keeper, recognizing the value of his new waitress, made her cashier, with a raise in salary, and gave her charge of the safe and hotel valuables. Too, she had made new

friends—lowly ones, to be sure, but Alice was not the kind to disdain those whose poverty could not give them the advantages which she herself had enjoyed. And soon she found herself sharing her modest salary with others, who looked upon her as nothing less than an angel.

And curiously enough, with her religion to console her, she had found great peace and content in this her new station. She had joined with some ladies of the parish in establishing a club, which looked after the needs of such families who, in their destitution, were barely struggling along, and it gave her the most wondrous sensation of delight to be able to bring to tired, care-worn faces a smile of renewed hope—to be able to supply pressing needs just where they were most wanted. She had all but forgotten about her old home, and although her friends had been busy working through judicial red tape, in their efforts to do something for her, she never inquired what was going forward, nor did she tell any of her new friends of the old home from which she had been made to depart.

And so, one day, into the center of her absorption came a bombshell of news which nearly took her off her feet. It was the noon hour, and the dining room was full of working girls and men, in for their noonday meal. They were short of girls that day, and Alice had been pressed into service. She was carefully balancing an armful of well-laden dishes along an aisle between the tables when she suddenly beheld a familiar figure enter the door and look toward her. It was Judge Henley. The next minute, he was seen talking and gesticulating with someone just outside. By his gestures, she gathered that he was trying to prevent the person outside from entering.

Then he advanced toward her with a cheerful smile. She bowed, and continued carefully placing dishes upon the table of a customer. The door opened slightly, and a fat black face and two very white eyes peeped into the room, then disappeared again; a moment later, they reappeared, only to disappear again; and this continued throughout the time that Judge Henley took to shake hands with Alice and explain to her his errand.

"I suppose you've heard the news?" he asked.

"No, I haven't. What is it about?" asked Alice.

"I am sorry to announce that your Uncle Parker is dead—was killed while motoring—insisted on driving himself—didn't drive very well—went over an embankment. So you are to come back home." Alice's face was very white, and her knees began to tremble. She leaned back against a chair to steady herself.

"But Aunt Estelle?"

"Is in the hospital in a critical condition. Even if she recovers, you take possession, according to the law of our state."

"How is that?"

"They were married while your Aunt Adelaide still lived—looked it all up—verified dates—it occurred in Europe—marriage invalid. According to our law she has no claim whatsoever," concluded the judge in his crisp way. Alice stood and thought a long moment. Then,

"Poor thing! I suppose she couldn't help it; perhaps she didn't know. If she lives, I mean to give her a share."

"You don't have to."

"I will, though."

"After the shabby way she treated you?"

But Alice didn't hear that last; her attention was occupied by a rush and whirr of skirts, as the owner of the fat black face and white eyes came waddling with all haste up the aisle. The next moment Aunt Camilla and Alice were weeping in each others arms.

"Honey, drop dat dere towel dis minute; not anudder dish o' hash do you tote in dis place. Look at dem hands! Laws-a-massy! Yo'll have to soak 'em in cucumber cream fo' a week. Mistah Hotel Man," she cried, advancing toward the cashier's cage, where the proprietor had been taking Alice's place during the rush, while she helped wait on table. "Mistah Hotel Man, we gwine carry off yo' waitress. Yo' needn't look so mad, 'case she ain't comin' back no mo' nohow. G'bye!"

And leaving Judge Henley behind to explain to the astonished proprietor, Aunt Camilla hustled Alice out to the waiting limousine.

Rising above Circumstances

"Smile and the world smiles with you, weep, and you weep alone," runs an old song. Good advice, but often hard to take; yet it is absolutely necessary that we fight off the things that are inimical to our well-being. And these are: sadness, listlessness, pain, despair, worry. All drag down the health, bring on gray hairs, set the heart to beating irregularly, weaken bodily resistance to disease.

Imagine some person set for life in an environment which is totally unsuited to his nature, continually irritating his temper, made to bear many unpleasant things, meeting nothing but contraries; such a person is tempted to give up, to lay down his arms, to succumb to circumstances; a blank, paralyzing despair is gradually stealing over him, listlessness sits on him over every task, and ambition has flown out of the window. But right there is the danger line.

Life is too sweet and valuable a gift to let flow weakly and uselessly under the bridge without some mill wheel to turn; God's world is too bright and beautiful to allow personal sadness to dim it's brilliance. If Life's promises have been drained to the dregs, and bitterness and despair lie in the bottom of the cup, all is not yet lost. There are many ways to rise above circumstances. When the soul resolutely refuses to be kept down in the dust, but obstinately insists on rising high above its confining chains, it will find other sweetnesses, other rewards, other tasks—and a higher, more spiritual happiness.

God is always with us; He sees all things; nothing escapes Him. Can the soul that bears its vicissitudes and crosses with cheerfulness, despite the pain that is gnawing, the despair that is trying to browbeat it, can it keep its eyes on the Saviour, dedicating to Him every

sorrow and suffering, and feel aught but an all-pervading calm, a peace that is not of this earth? And can that soul forget its own pains, and hasten to alleviate those of others, without experiencing already on this side of Heaven, some hint of the ecstasy and enchantment that lies in that home beyond the sun?

Not only helping others, but heaping "coals of fire" on the heads of those who are the cause of our despair—returning good for evil, and above all, a deep gratitude to the Saviour, that He has seen fit to permit us to work off a part of our temporal debt in the form of suffering and bitter sorrows while still on earth—will turn pain and sadness into sweetness and content. For who would not rather suffer here, with gratitude and cheerfulness, than have the time of probation in the cleansing fires lengthened out hereafter?

The Tomato

Tomatoes are an all-around-the-year dish, and combine well with most any food, but in summer, when fresh ones are to be had, they are probably used most frequently. They have also come to hold first place, dietically, among the vegetables, as a purveyor of those vitamins so necessary to the proper growth and development of the body. This is, no doubt, a pleasant discovery to most people, for among the vegetables, the fresh tomato probably enjoys the greatest popularity. It has a content of acid that is valuable in neutralizing offensive salts that the body accumulates, and it supplies valuable mineral substances.

Vitamin C, as it is called by scientists, is the most necessary element needed for the well-being of the human body, and this usually occurs only in the higher priced vegetables. Fortunately, however, the tomato is very rich in this element, and its price is usually within the reach of all. The proof of this contention shows in the fact that babies are now given tomatoes instead of orange juice, where the income does not permit the latter luxury.

Many new ways of serving the tomato have been evolved; among the more popular salad dishes for summer, of course, the tomato aspic made of gelatin is the most refreshing, also adding the food value of the gelatin to the rich vitamin content of the vegetable. It also makes a delicious pie, made after the manner of lemon pie, pulping the tomato, adding an egg, a little lemon juice and a bit of grated rind, with sugar to taste.

A delicious tomato ice is made with 4 cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 teaspoon gelatin, softened in cold water. Boil sugar and water 5 minutes, add strained juice and other ingredients, and freeze. Another dish, tomato toast, is made by boiling 1 quart of cut up tomatoes 10 minutes and rubbing through strainer. Add salt, pepper and butter, boil 5 minutes and pour over toast. A poached egg may be placed on the top of each.

Recipes

BANANA CUSTARD PIE:—Pare and rub through fine sieve sufficient bananas to measure one cup. Place in

mixing bowl and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix, and add slowly 1 cup milk, yolk of one egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Beat to mix and pour into pie pan lined with pastry. Bake in slow oven for 25 minutes and cool. Beat white of egg, add 1 tablespoon water and a pinch of salt; when beginning to froth, add sugar, spoon by spoon, until sweet to taste, and flavor with vanilla. Place as meringue on top of pie.

CORN DUMPLINGS:—Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sugar. Rub in 2 tablespoons shortening, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned corn and enough milk to make moist enough to roll out. Cut with biscuit cutter and steam 20 minutes over boiling water, or place on the boiling stew.

Household Hints

New chamois skins are often slimy when first used, and dim the window glass instead of cleaning it; put in a basin and throw over it a cup of vinegar. Let soak a few minutes, then rub thoroughly between the hands and rinse. It will then do clear work.

Vinegar is also good for lamp wicks; soak the new wick in it, dry and it will burn without smoking.

To get scorch stains out of flannel, rub stain with lemon, leaving the pulp on. Place in the sun for a few hours, then wash and rinse.

It is well to have a button box, a hook and eye box, and a snap fastener box. Cut the buttons, hooks and fasteners off every discarded garment and soon you will have such a collection that you will seldom have to buy any. String the same kinds on a thread, and they may pass from one garment to another.

When making colored handkerchiefs, try to draw out the threads without breaking. You can then use them for hemming, making a neat appearance.

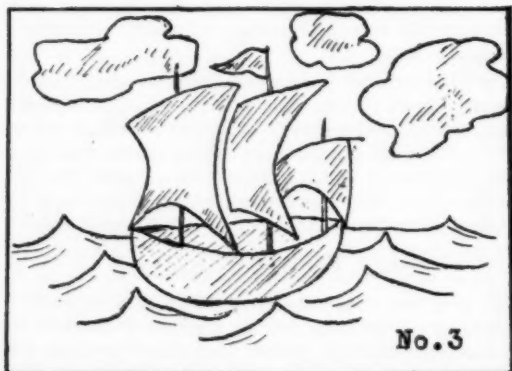
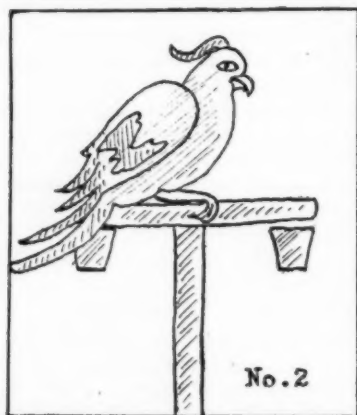
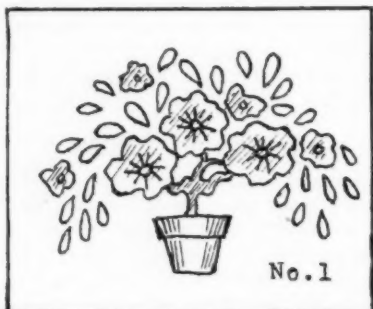
Nose hemorrhages can be stopped by having patient sit in a semi-upright position and binding a piece of ice on the bridge of the nose. Sometimes pressing the upper lip under the nose helps, or putting a wad of tissue paper tightly under upper lip. Washing nose with very cold water and letting cold water run over the wrists also helps.

Earaches sometimes come very suddenly in the night; take a piece of cotton, twist into point, dip into sweet oil, cotton seed, or olive oil—camphor oil, too, is excellent—warm over gas flame, or dip in oil warmed in a spoon, and place in ear. If stubborn, warm flannels and bind over ear; sometimes the operation must be repeated two or three times before relief is obtained.

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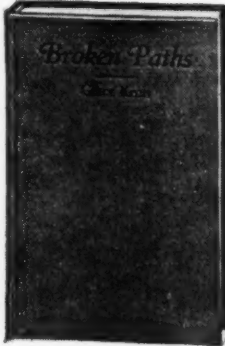
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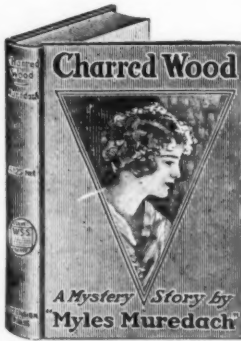
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